12-1949

The Cresset (Vol. XIII, No. 2)

Walther League

DECEMBER 1949

THE CRESSET

A REVIEW OF LITERATURE, THE ARTS AND CURRENT AFFAIRS

VOL. XIII NO. 2

THIRTY-FIVE CENTS

THE CRESSET

IN THE DECEMBER CRESSET:

THE CRESSET is published monthly except August by the Walther League. Publication office: 425 South 4th Street, Minneapolis 15, Minnesota. Editorial office: 875 North Dearborn Street, Chicago 10, Illinois. Entered as second class matter November 9, 1940, at the post office at Minneapolis, Minnesota, under the act of March 3, 1879. Subscription rates: Domestic—One-year, $3.00; two-year, $5.50; three-year, $8.00. Canadian—Same as domestic if paid in United States funds; if paid in Canadian funds, add 10% for exchange and 15 cents service charge on each check or money order. Foreign—$3.25 per year in United States funds. Single copy, 35 cents.

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VOLUME 13 December 1949 NUMBER 2

Notes and Comment

BY THE EDITORS

Peace and Good Will

WELL, our intentions were good anyway and it isn't our fault that we have to do what we are about to do.

What we are about to do is break our resolution to keep everything sweet and light in this month's "Notes and Comment" section. But Christmas or no, there comes from afar the sound of an old battle and we must be off. This time, the sound comes from the American Contract Bridge League, an otherwise sterling organization which has just aligned itself with the lunatic fringe of our country by voting to exclude Negroes from membership in its organization.

Now we have read the statement by the president of the league in which he tries to make the point that the league is a purely social organization and that it has a perfect right to cater even to the prejudices of its members and our answer is that such a stand is pure bilge. The league is a national organization, it runs tournaments, and it seems to represent the American bridge-playing public. All right, so bridge is not politics and the league is not an official arm of the government. So it still calls itself American and refuses to admit qualified Americans whose skin is black. And that they have no right to do. Let them call themselves the White (or Anglo-Saxon, or Unpigmented, or Thin-Lipped) American Contract Bridge League if they want to and we will let them alone. But if they are not going to qualify the "American" in their title, then we are going to ask them what right they have to disqualify pigmented Americans.

We're going to pass along a

suggestion to the League, too, while we are at it. If there is something fundamentally bad in black pigment, then let's get rid of the clubs and spades in the bridge deck. If we can't be right, at least let's be consistent.

Good Will and Peace

WHILE the bridge people are busy insulting Negroes, a man up in Minneapolis named Julius K. Hoffman is busy trying to help some half a million Americans and Canadians who live in a world of overwhelming silence. They are deaf-mutes. So is Mr. Hoffman. But in the profound silence that envelops him, Mr. Hoffman has heard a voice calling him and he has answered by establishing an organization called the "Gospel Witness to the Deaf, Inc." The purpose of this organization is to supply deaf mutes with religious tracts and booklets. It operates, as nearly as we can tell, mostly on faith and Mr. Hoffman's seemingly boundless energy. We had some literature from him last week in which he asked whether we would be kind enough to send him the names of any deaf-mutes we might happen to know so that he could add them to the 11,000 names he already has on his list. He didn't say anything about sending along a little financial help, but knowing what we know about institutions which are trying to do the Master's work we would bet that he could use a little of that kind of help, too.

The Christmas season would seem to be a singularly appropriate season to remember those of whom Isaiah wrote: "The eyes of the blind shall be opened, and the ears of the deaf shall be unstopped; then shall the lame man leap as an hart, and the tongue of the dumb sing."

Charter of Freedom

THERE is another item on the agenda for this month and that is the observance of Bill of Rights Day on the fifteenth.

We have read somewhere this past year that it is the mark of a Communist or fellow traveler to plead a strong devotion to the Bill of Rights, so we are going to have to be circumspect in what we say. But subversive or not, we still think that the first ten amendments to the American Constitution are the greatest heritage any one generation of man ever left to posterity. They are great because of the freedoms they reserve to the individual and they are great because they are the monument to a courage and faith which we could all use, in double measure, today.

The Constitution proper is, as we believe, the charter for as satisfactory a system of government as fallen man has yet devised. But we can conceive of the possibility of getting along just as well under, let us say, the parliamentary democracy. We cannot conceive of any even remotely satisfactory way of life that did not include freedom of speech, of press, of conscience, of personal privacy, and of fair trial.

It seems to us that it took a great deal of faith and courage for the citizens of that young nation along the Atlantic seaboard to entrust their fellow citizens with such wide freedoms. We doubt that they would have had such faith and such courage if they had not been completely convinced of the intrinsic strength of the system which they were establishing here in the New World—a system strong enough to stand up under hostile criticism, religious disunion, wide differences of opinion, and even treacherous plottings. Their faith has been more than justified and it is to be regretted that we, in our time, have so often shown a weaker faith and lesser courage. It is our shame that we have draped unclean clothing upon the beautifully naked words of the Bill of Rights, clothing intended indeed to protect the Bill against furious winds blowing from many quarters but altogether unnecessary if we believe, as strongly as our fathers believed, in the inherent strength and vitality of our free system.

Not a Bad Idea

WE ARE probably the first publication to express editorial approval of Representative Wright Patman's proposal that Congress consider moving the nation's capital westward or establishing a secondary capital west of the Mississippi, but our approval of the idea arises from other considerations than those which prompted Mr. Patman's proposal.

The Congressman wants to move the capital because he thinks it is too vulnerable in an atomic age. We suspect that any capital would be vulnerable in an atomic age, even if it were nestled among the Rocky Mountains. We want to move the capital because we don't think it is vulnerable enough to the people of the country.

Fundamentally, Washington, D. C., is a one-industry town and it suffers from the narrow outlook on life that characterizes most one-industry towns. By no stretch of the imagination could our capital be considered a representative American town, and yet the peo-

ple who live there must deal, every day and in a very intimate way, with the problems of our whole nation.

We would like to see the capital moved to some fairly large city where government people would rub shoulders, day after day, with a cross-section of American life, where government would assume its proper proportion as a part of our national life rather than a world apart from the rest of life. Take government out of the classical Greek temples and the geometrical street patterns and put it into a community full of ordinary people who run lathes and slaughter hogs and work in offices that have no civil service protection. There, and on the farms and in the mines of America, are the great political problems of our times. There are "the people" who are the great concern of free government.

Science and the New Jerusalem

OUR foot-washin' friends down in Kentucky used to sing of Beulah Land and the thousand years of glory and we used to figure that they were a little bit tetched. Now comes Professor Arthur P. Lamb of Harvard University and sings that science will lead man through to a better world than he has ever known and we wonder whether maybe he isn't a refugee from the tent-meeting circuit, too.

"Aint gonna be no thousand years of glory," an old printer friend of ours used to say. "Human beings are just too blamed ornery to get along together, even if it pays to." Our old printer probably didn't realize it, but with a little editing and some grammatical sprucing up his comment would be right at home in a good theological quarterly. The big bug in the ointment of all of the earthly paradise advocates is man, ornery man, man with his God-given intelligence and his hell-bent will.

It is amusing to see, though, how even secular man must have his dream of paradise. Science promises us, to quote Dr. Lamb, that its advance will bring a host of favorable forces which will operate in mankind's behalf giving him ever-increasing power (over what, deponent saith not); wider and deeper understanding of his environment, of himself and of the social organism; an enhanced realization of the unity of the human family; heightened intellectual activity; and, best of all, increasing myriads of men and women with active and trained intellects available to study the problems of the moment with the enthusiasm and objectivity of the scientist. *O Beulah Land, Sweet Beulah Land!*

Marxism promises the classless society, the abolition of government, income in keeping with one's needs, and the world state. *O Beulah Land!*

The advertisers promise sparkling smiles, odorless armpits, sleeker cars, self-tuning television, whiter shirts (and shrouds), silverware premiums in every box, and, eventually, coffins of purest bronze. *Sweet Beulah Land!*

But the New Jerusalem will be none of these. It will not be built by man on this earth but will come down from God out of heaven. That is the Christian hope—a hope more realistic and more substantial than even the finest dreamings of the secular mind.

That's It

TO BALANCE Professor Lamb's scientiolatry, we have some significant remarks by Dr. Ordway Tead, chairman of the board of higher education of the state of New York and this year's Aydelotte lecturer at Swarthmore College. Speaking of education, Dr. Tead said in his lecture that "the college exists to proclaim a certain kind of triumph for the human spirit. It exists to advance a certain kind of dedication of the human spirit. And this adventure has to be animated by some emotive power which is the gift of high religion."

Now we are getting down to cases. We don't know what Dr. Tead's religion, if any, is. But at least he recognizes that education is something more than the training of an animal, even an animal gifted with reason and speech. He puts the emphasis where it properly belongs, on the spirit, and he finds motivation where it is only to be found, in religion. From that, he goes on to say that "the good teacher intends to invest with a sense of ultimate meaning and humane significance that segment of knowledge with which he is especially intimate." It follows, then, that the good teacher cannot be "neutral, impassive, uncommitted and tentative about the basic tenets of living."

To all of which we speak a firm Amen. Within the context Dr. Tead sets up (as we believe a most valid context) there is room for every worthy activity of the human mind. The scientist, the social student, the man in the humanities all have proper roles within this pattern. Each one makes some contribution to the student's "sense of ultimate meaning and humane significance" and who is to say that any one field makes a greater contribution than any other?

We would go even farther than Dr. Tead and make the Divine

Itself the center of all learning. Practically speaking, this may not be possible, at least at this time. As a starter, we would be very happy to see Dr. Tead's statements brought to the thoughtful attention of every person who is in a position to establish educational policy in our country.

Notes on the National Defense

1. To a former enlisted man who can still remember that buck corporals used to get their chevrons ripped off and their persons delivered to the station lockup for merely looking cross-eyed at a second lieutenant, the whole attempt to make a martyr of Captain John Crommelin tastes like nux vomica.

2. Now that the Russians know what an atomic bomb can do, they may be less disposed to accept the risk of a war in which atomic weapons will almost certainly be used than they were before. Until September, we were the only nation that was terrified by the bomb. Now there are probably two of us.

3. A number of young men are still under indictment for refusing to register for a draft which we have since learned was established in hysteria on the basis of misinformation and which has since been suspended. "If you can keep your head when all about you men are losing theirs"—you go to jail.

4. The cockiness of the Air Force, now that it has attained the dignity of an autonomous war arm, is understandable when one recalls how it had to fight for recognition. At the same time, it would be well to remember that modern warfare is an intricate balancing of all of a nation's striking forces. No one weapon and no one arm is going to win a modern war.

5. Unification of the armed forces, if it is to come at all, must come slowly and must be nurtured down at the very roots. There will be no real unification as long as each service maintains its own academy. The time is ripe for a National Defense University composed of a War College, a Naval College, and an Air College, all on the same campus and administered by qualified civilian administrators.

Mass Education

THE *Chicago Daily News* has a columnist named Sidney J. Harris. Sidney is, by his own admission, an intellectual snob. But that doesn't keep him from being a highly capable and challenging writer and one whom we, at least, thoroughly enjoy and respect.

Friend Harris got himself into hot water a few weeks back with a column lambasting mass education. He said some harsh things about the swollen college enrollments, including a remark that most of the people who are in college have no business being there and might more properly be registered in a vocational school or out working at some honest employment. He further hinted that the college degree has come to mean little or nothing and that we are headed for the day when everybody will have an A.B.

It happens that these observations agree pretty well with Chancellor Hutchins' often-quoted observation that we might as well give everybody an A.B. at birth and have it over with. It happens also that more than one faculty member of our acquaintance has expressed thoughts along the same line privately. And yet when Harris came out and said it in his column there was the proverbial "storm of protest" from all quarters, including the college administrators.

We are mere kibitzers on the academic game, but we are inclined to side with Harris. We see no more reason to suppose that everybody is entitled to a college education than to suppose that everybody is entitled to enter the Golden Gloves competition. It is no disgrace to be denied the privilege of boxing competitively and it is no more of a disgrace to be denied the privilege of mental combat. As a matter of fact, it seems grossly unfair to ask either a good boxer or a highly intelligent person to go to seed while the trainers spend all of their time trying to make champions out of those whom nature has not equipped for championship.

This worship of the A.B. is a deplorable thing, anyway, because it gives to a sheet of paper the status that should be reserved for real accomplishment and ability. Some day, we hope, men will be respected not for a string of letters after their names but for the accomplishments of their minds and hands. Then the master mechanic and the good farmer and the master barber and the capable civil servant and the able scholar will all be held in equal respect and the great shame will not be the lack of a degree but being a second-rate worker.

The Beautiful Season

THE mood is upon us to be unequivocal and of all the things we might be unequivocal about there is nothing more timely than our love for winter.

Winter is the season when our clean-living friends feel uncomfortable and ill at ease and gen-

erally have too many troubles of their own to be pestering us about our supposed need of healthful outdoor activities. Winter is the season when it gets decently dark at a decent hour and even one's family can think of no valid reason why the *pater familias* should not be cradled in his easy chair with pipe and book. Winter is the season when the people with green thumbs do not expect us to go "Oh" and "Ah" over their patch of kohlrabi and the people with the well-tonsured lawns do not offer us advice on the care of our own potential lawn.

Winter is, moreover, the season when small children do not sit out in back munching earthworms and uprooting hydrangeas. It is the season when creeping, crawling, and flying things do not creep, crawl, or fly. It is the season when one can mingle with one's fellows without being called upon to recite the standings in both major leagues and the performance records of every shortstop in the International Association. We love winter.

We love candlelight and closed windows. We love the white stillness of a snow-covered landscape, the crackle of cold snow under foot and the lacework of ice in the trees. We love the feeling of isolation from the rest of the world, the feeling that one's home is in very reality his castle, his stronghold against man and nature. We love the muted lights and shades of a winter's day and the brightness of moonlight on a winter's night.

Spring? Hah! Thaws and mud and spring fever it's got. Summer? Bugs and sunstroke. Fall? Who likes to rake leaves? But winter, there is the season. We hope we get snowbound.

Give It Back!

THERE are a lot of bad things about secularism, but it seems to us that one of the worst things of all is the way it cheapens whatever it touches. And as Exhibit A, we present Christmas.

Christmas, in its reality, is a season of infinite mystery. There is about it the rustle of angel wings, of God made man, of the divine reaching down into time and space to lay its hand upon humankind. No wonder the ancient church felt that the season required the same earnest and thoughtful preparation that Easter requires. Advent, like Lent, is a penitential season, a time of soul-searching and confession.

Secular man, seeing the profound joy of the Christian Christmas, wanted to get in on it. But he couldn't get in on it, really, because he would not come to it through the low stable door of

Advent. And so he made his own Christmas. The all-gracious, loving Father became Santa Claus, a rollicking, bearded figure who appears in department stores at Christmas time. The angels over the Judean hills show up in the secular Christmas as reindeer, their song of peace and good will toned down to the empty jangling of bells. The hymn of glory to the new-born King is replaced by a sentimental ode to meteorological conditions which cause a white Christmas. Indeed, the whole season ends up as a sticky business rather more closely related to Mother's Day and that gooey thing, Sweetest Day, than to any Christian festival.

It seems to us that the time has come for the Church to tell the secular world to take its clammy hands off the Christian festivals. Let the pagans pick up their Santy Clauses and Easter Bunnies and Hallowe'en pumpkins and build their own festivals around them. It is getting tiresome, this business of making every great event in the history of the Church an occasion for disposing of huge quantities of department store junk.

Meanwhile, even through the smog of commercialism and secularism that surrounds the observance of Christmas in the modern world, it is still possible to extend to all men the Church's ancient welcome to membership in the Body of Christ and to offer all men who accept its invitation the peace and good will of this happiest of all seasons. The herald angels still sing, even in the confused world of 1949, and their song is for all who will listen.

"The enquiry, knowledge, and belief of truth is the sovereign good of human nature." BACON

The PILGRIM

"All the trumpets sounded for him on the other side." —PILGRIM'S PROGRESS

BY O. P. KRETZMANN

A Christmas Letter

DEAR Son:

This is now your sixth Christmas on earth and the writing of these letters has become a part of me. . . . For many years most of my letters have been about business and meetings and all kinds of little things . . . they are not really very important and when they stop there will be only a very little hole in the world, hardly big enough to hold a few hours of mourning. . . . But this one is different. . . . It is about something Outside and Inside . . . so far away from our strange half-light world of daily things to do that I am always happy when Christmas comes and I can write one letter about something beyond and beneath the routine and riddle of living. . . .

One day this fall, just as the earliest leaves drifted over our roof, you started off for school the first time. . . . You will not remember the day I suppose but I will see it for many years. . . . Your mother put your coat on and as you started for the door I seemed to see a touch of fear in your eyes . . . perhaps a dim realization that this was the beginning of something new and strange which would end finally in manhood and going away and the breaking of the completeness of home. . . . A part of your life, even now, would be beyond the walls which held all of life these first five years. . . . You did not know it, but Mark and I watched you as you wandered up the street, a forlorn and gnomelike figure, until you turned the corner and disappeared in the dull September day. . . . Even Mark, who lives as momentarily and happily as the squirrel in our elm, seemed to feel that something great and final had happened. . . . He wanted to know if you were really going away, when you would be back, and what we were going to do in the meantime. . . .

I gave him his little red truck and returned to my desk. . . . Beyond my window three starlings were chattering about winter and a red apple fell from our neighbor's tree. . . . Suddenly it seemed to grow cold in the house and the years, all of them now, were heavy upon my soul. . . .

Of course, the final meaning of your going to school is the fact that all the things you will learn in the next twenty years may enable you to understand Christmas a little better. . . . No, I just thought that over again and it may not be true. . . . Some of the things you will learn, unless you discover how to put them in their proper place and order, will only set your feet on the long and lonely road away from Bethlehem. . . . If they tell you, for example, that men have done great things, you can believe them if you remember that God has done greater things. . . . When they tell you, as they will, that the real things are the things you can touch and see and feel, you must add that the most real things in heaven and earth are not money and machines and houses but faith and hope and love . . . the things unseen . . . God and what He means . . . Christmas and God being seen . . . on a winter night . . . among things that some people in schools despise. . . .

Knowing and Understanding

AND sometimes I wonder if you will ever really know more about that than you do now. . . . Somewhere in the years ahead you will probably learn some big words and thoughts about what happened at midnight in Bethlehem so many years ago. . . . Somebody, I hope, will tell you that is the Incarnation, the mystery of godliness, the one and only intrusion of the divine into the human, the profound and holy riddle of God taking on human flesh, entering our ranks, assuming our nature, translating Himself, the Eternal and Omniscient, into our idiom, born into Bethlehem in a temporal generation as He was with the Father of old in an eternal generation. . . . All of that is true and it is important to know . . . it is one of the gifts of wise men to the Child . . . we call it theology . . . and one can become a good theologian by doing some hard thinking (and believing) while one stands in the stable with the ox and the sheep and the shepherds all cold from the winter outside. . . .

But when you have learned all these things, you will really not be closer to Christmas than you are now. . . . As the years go on I hope you will think about it more—and more deeply—but you cannot believe it more. . . . You will remember that last week we

began the Christmas season, the journey to Bethlehem, much longer for me than for you, by putting some black discs on the machine in the living-room and sitting quietly in the firelight while the music poured into our souls. . . . There they were again, the old and lovely sounds by which men have tried to say something about Christmas. . . . "Silent Night, Holy Night"—"It Came Upon the Midnight Clear"—"O Come, All Ye Faithful"—"The Lullaby of the Virgin." . . . They come from many hands and many lands, these songs in the night—but all of them say the same thing . . . the incredible beauty and wonder of the Child in the Manger . . . the kindness of God to remember us in the middle of the night . . . the lights, the stars, the shepherds, the Mother . . . all of them, in our room once more . . . to tell us that this is really Christmas . . . so good and so simple that it is for little children who are five or thirty or sixty years old . . . for everybody. . . .

Those Who Have Come

Do you remember that last year I read to you from a little book in which a man is talking about Christmas to a little boy? . . . He describes the people who have come to the manger these two thousand years: "The way *we* came, thousands and thousands of others came. All sorts of queer people; there were rough farmhands that wouldn't have dared to walk into a fine house, even if it had been open, because they'd have felt shabby and out-of-place; there were timid, stupid people who flinched if you looked at them, and knew how weak they were. They found the courage to come in. Nobody could feel particularly out-of-place in a stable, because it's not meant to *be* a place for human beings. Nobody could feel shabby after he'd seen how *they'd* had to make do. Nobody could feel weak and frightened while he was looking at an absolutely helpless new-born baby. People could stay away out of Pride, but not out of Poor People's Pride."

"They kept pouring through that door all night: they'd found their way through Time, forward or back. Each of them saw a different-looking place; to some it was the stable where they'd played as children, when there *were* stables, and if they lived in northern countries they saw snow falling outside. They recognized the night watchmen as simple people from their own villages. Others—the city people of today and the coming centuries—could see the room only dimly, because they'd never seen a real stable or real shepherds; so they saw everything

second-hand through pictures, or through those little models they put up in churches to help people find their way back. Some of those invisible guests saw a Cave: the children who were born underground in hiding could plainly see it was a Cave, whether they called it a Catacomb or a shelter."

"Some people even saw that Mother and her Baby with black skins—and came away and put their pictures in the window of a wonderful cathedral in France, because they didn't think it was wrong to be black."

"But whether they came from nearby or by the long journey through centuries, and whatever *sort* of a shabby building it looked like, they all saw what they had come to see. *They saw the same Baby, all of them.*"

No Fear

AND that is the real Christmas. . . . You will have it again this year while some men outside are making bombs which may kill you on a battlefield far away from our tree and our lights and our songs. . . . Sometimes I think of that and my heart cries out with fear for you and all little boys who will have a good and holy Christmas this year. . . . But then I remember that He came to take that fear away too . . . all fear . . . until there is nothing dark and nothing hopeless and nothing without Him. . . .

A few days ago I saw some very good and wise words written many years ago by a good man. . . . His name was St. Ambrose: "In Christ then, are all things. Christ is everything to us. If thou hast wounds to be healed, He is thy physician; if fever scorches thee, He is a fountain; wouldst thou punish evil-doing, He is justice; dost thou need help, He is strength; dost thou fear death, He is life; dost thou long for Heaven, He is the way; dost thou flee from darkness, He is light; dost thou hunger, He is food."

All this, you say, in a little baby? . . . Yes, all this in a little baby! . . . All this . . . and Heaven too. . . .

Adeste, Fideles

Once more, in the patience of God, the year comes to the glad season of the Nativity. And once more, we of the "Cresset" join in wishing all of our readers a full measure of the happiness and the peace that entered our world that night now so long ago, when God Himself came down from Heaven and was incarnate by the Holy Ghost of the blessed virgin.

This year, following the custom of other Christmases, we have framed our greetings into a garland. Each section of the garland takes its theme from a sentence or phrase of the beloved Latin hymn, "Adeste, Fideles!" The verses which begin each section have been chosen from the prophecy of Isaiah, the "Evangelist of the Old Testament," who saw from afar the salvation that was to come. The stanzas which conclude each section are from the "Christmas Oratorio" by Johann Sebastian Bach, the great cantor of the Church of the Reformation.

In this blending of the three mighty traditions which form the heritage of the Church in the twentieth century, it is our hope that the Church ageless and universal may once more speak clearly and exultantly the "glad tidings of great joy which shall be unto all people."

Adeste, Fideles

Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money; come ye, buy, and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price. (Isaiah 55:1)

O come, all ye faithful!

It really was—and is—a strange and small place for such a great gathering. There was the first cry of a baby and the sound of angels singing—and both were the signal for a crowd of people, uncounted and countless, to come to the Manger to touch and see the life and heart of God. The earliest arrivals were a few shepherds, but they were soon joined by a magnificent company, the poor in spirit and the lowly of heart, kings and emperors and scullery maids and little children, philosophers and scientists and grandmothers and babies with a sign and water on their forehead—the most catholic gathering in the history of mankind. The Manger is the place for the family reunion of the Church. The invitation to the reunion has many forms—"O come, all ye faithful"—"Ho, Everyone that Thirsteth"—"Come Unto Me"—"Come, Let Us See"—but it is always the same, warm, compelling kindness which brings the unnumbered hosts of the years since Bethlehem to the Child. This is where we belong. This is really the home of our wandering hearts. This is the lighted lamp in heaven's window.

Now, as Christmas comes again, I am writing this in a world of disunity and fear. Many of my generation have no home and they are lonely in the dark. They see ghosts and shadows in the night of their confusion and they hate the strange and fearful things that are abroad in the dusk. They have some demonic dogs in their hands—bombs and planes and guns—and somehow they feel that these may bring them peace and a little happiness, just a little before their dark world blows up in an unearthly and final flash of light.

They are wrong, of course. The things they fear in the night, crawling and flying and touching their stricken souls, are very real; but the manner in which they want to drive these hateful things away is unreal and bad. Above all, their fear of one another—of other members of the human family—can drop away only at the family reunion to which they are once more invited in 1949. "O Come all ye Faithful" is an invitation, not only for saints but above all for sinners. And that is what we are, terribly and stubbornly, now in 1949.

Many of us will be home for Christmas. The house will be warm and

lighted, there will be a tree and toys and children singing and music from the far corners of the earth. But it will mean very little, even all this joy, if it is not an echo of another homecoming with God's family at the Manger. He wanted us to come that first night, lying still under the roof of a stable. He still wants us to come and since we really have no other place to go to see God, we had better come quickly and quietly. Surely, now in 1949, the world's inn is noisier and more crowded than ever before. It would be a bad place to stay this Christmas Eve. But the Manger! The great company there, the faithful, stand quiet and forgiven, the joy of heaven in their hearts and the peace of God on their faces. With happy eyes they see the dusty rafters as the dome of heaven and the Manger as the cradle of the Eternal, the straw on the floor as the Milky Way under His feet, the angels still singing, as they have these many years, "O Come, all ye faithful!"

Christians, be joyful, and praise your salvation,
Sing, for today your Redeemer is born.
Cease to be fearful, forget lamentation,
Haste with thanksgiving to greet this glad morn!
Come, let us worship, and fall down before Him,
Let us with voices united adore Him.

Laeti, Triumphantes

I will greatly rejoice in the Lord, my soul shall be joyful in my God; for he hath clothed me with the garments of salvation, he hath covered me with the robe of righteousness. (Isaiah 61:10)

Joyful and triumphant!

There is a legend, hoary with age, which tells us of the joy of the insects and birds and animals over the birth of their Lord in the stable at Bethlehem.

When the hour of the Divine Advent arrived, the bees awakened from their winter's sleep and were heard uttering marvelous canticles. The birds and the animals joined in their song of praise by adding sounds of joy in their own fashion. The cock crowed: "Christ is born!" The raven croaked:

"When?" The rook cawed: "This night." The ox mooed: "Where?" The sheep answered: "In Bethlehem." And the ass brayed: "Let us go and worship Him!"

This ancient tale of the supposed joy of the creatures waiting in expectation "for the manifestation of the sons of God," reflects the deep joy that filled the hearts of the faithful at the Nativity, contemplating the divine mystery in those words of the angelic herald: "Unto you is born this day in the city of David a Savior which is Christ the Lord."

The fulness of time was come. The long centuries of prophecy were over. God had fulfilled His word. He whom the fathers looked and longed for lay on a straw-filled manger—God manifest in the flesh. "Veiled in flesh the Godhead see, hail the Incarnate Deity: pleased as man with man to dwell, Jesus our Immanuel."

"Joy to the world, the Lord is come!" He was poor that we might become rich. He humbled Himself that we might be exalted. He was obedient unto death, when He triumphed on the Cross, having put down and broken the rule of the powers of evil.

Everyone who follows the same Savior today can be joyful and triumphant. Whatever the outward circumstances of life may be, however bowed down we may be under the burden and heat of the day, whatever the disturbed conditions in the world about us, we can go to the Child of Bethlehem today, as once the shepherds and Wise Men did, and adore Him with hearts brimming with an inner joy that surpasses all understanding. For that Child is our King, exalted above the heavens. He rules the universe. All power is His in heaven and on earth. One day every knee of every creature will bow before Him and declare that Jesus Christ is Lord to the glory of God the Father!

Break forth, O beauteous, heavenly light,
And usher in the morning;
Ye shepherds, shrink not with affright,
But hear the angel's warning.
This Child, now weak in infancy,
Our confidence and joy shall be,
The power of Satan breaking,
Our peace eternal making.

Venite, Venite in Bethlehem

I dwell in the high and holy place, with him also that is of a contrite and humble spirit, to revive the spirit of the humble, and to revive the heart of the contrite ones. (Isaiah 57:15)

O come ye, o come ye to Bethlehem!

It is, indeed, not one of the show places of the world, to which travelers are drawn by the fame of stately buildings and splendid works of art. Nor yet is it set amid surroundings of great natural beauty. No, Bethlehem is "little among the thousands of Judah"; it is only a poor straggling village on a stony ridge. But on this humble, unlikely place it pleased God to confer an honor and a dignity far beyond any to which the great capital cities of earth can lay claim. Here God reached down from heaven to reknit the close tie which united Him with mankind until Adam's sin broke it on that woeful day in Eden. Yes, here at Bethlehem God entered into an even more intimate relationship with man than Adam had ever known, for whereas God in the beginning made man in His own likeness, He now reversed the process and made Himself in the likeness of man. God was born into the world as a human infant.

How could He so humble Himself? How could the Lord of Eternity step down from His throne, lay aside all His glory and majesty, and, like any other helpless babe, become dependent on the ministrations of an earthly mother? That this could take place is the greatest marvel and mystery of the universe. It is to adore this mystery that we are invited to come to Bethlehem. How it could be we cannot explain. That infinitely transcends our powers of comprehension; our reason can make nothing of it. But when in the divine Word the secret of God's boundless love for mankind is revealed to us we can gain an understanding of the meaning of what took place at Bethlehem.

The key to that understanding lies in the nature of love. True love wipes out all distinctions of rank and position; it does not depend on the merits of the loved one, for it creates its own values and is guided by them; it finds its reward in the welfare of the beloved, and therefore it does not weigh any sacrifices that may be required against gains that it seeks for itself but only against the benefits which it hopes to convey.

With such unstinting love God loved us in His Son, for only such a love could come to our aid in the extremity of our need—lost as we were to all hope of redemption from the power of sin and death, groping helpless in the

night of our exile from heaven and God. To regain for us a place in paradise Jesus took our place on this sin-cursed earth; that we might become children of God He became a child of man and therewith set His feet on the way that led through untold suffering to the cross and the grave.

Let us then go even unto Bethlehem and see this thing which is come to pass, which the Lord hath made known unto us. Let us look in faith on Him who came down from the high and holy place in which He dwells by virtue of His godhead to lay His homeless head in a stable that so He might win for us a home in the mansions of His Father. Humble shepherds were the first to be invited into His presence. Only the humble will *ever* find their way to Bethlehem and the new-born babe—only those who are of a humble spirit because they know how worthless and helpless they are —only those who are contrite also, brokenhearted and sorrowful because of their sins. But when they—when we—come in that spirit and worship the incarnate God, our Savior, He will fill our empty hands with the riches of heaven.

He bids us comfort take,
And free His Israel doth make;
Relief to Zion hither sendeth,
And all our sorrow endeth.
Ye shepherds, see what He hath done,
Haste, make His glory known.

Natum Videte

Behold, a virgin shall conceive, and bear a son, and shall call his name Immanuel. (Isaiah 7:14)

See him Who is born!

The night was not at all like Christmas. The rain beat down in sheets across the village street. Not even the glow of trees, lighted within the cozy warmth of homes along the street, could take away the stinging wet that soaked right through the souls of men. Along the way that led across the little town square it looked very strange to see a woman and her child.

Everyone in this town had a home and shelter and on a night like this, why would this woman and the child in her arms be out on the street?

With evident and complete weariness she sat down for a moment on the steps of the Civil War monument in the square—"Was it worth going on?" She turned her head from side to side to look over the familiar old streets of Edgeville. Down here it was a little easier to bear because the few business houses were dead and the lights of the trees in the homes were a little farther away. And then it came. From the high tower of the church across the square there sounded forth the age-old blessed call, "Oh, Come, All Ye Faithful." The rain seemed suddenly not so cold and the world wasn't nearly so dark. With breath-taking awe she was again a little girl. The steps on which she sat were not the granite of a war memorial. They were the steps of the altar in her own church. She played again the part of Mary, the Virgin Mother. Only now the child in her arms was real. How she had prayed those many years ago that she could really hold Him—the Christ Child—against her heart that way. Where were the years between? . . .

The music changed. It was no longer just the organ's sound. A voice sang out the blessed words so clearly, "Come, see in the manger our Saviour and King. . . . Oh, come, let us adore Him, Oh, come, let us adore Him, Oh, come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord."

He had never seemed so near before, this Christ Child. He was truly the Son of Man entering into the problem of every man and every woman that ever lived—into her problem, too. Now suddenly it was no hard, no cruel, no vengeful blow that struck when she was left alone amid the vast forgetfulness of the great town. Christ needed a place like Bethlehem. Her heart needed a place like Edgeville. She turned to look down the street that led to home. The fear was gone. The surety returned. Home would be home. The Christ Child made her very sure. They would be glad to see her there. There would be room. "Come and behold Him."

Rejoice, and sing! Your gracious King
As man is born and lays aside His glory;
He is adored as Christ the Lord,
And every tongue repeats the wondrous story.

Regem Angelorum

Unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given, and the government shall be upon his shoulders. And his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, the mighty God, the everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace. (Isaiah 9:6)

The King of angels!

A noble title, Child, and one which might have impressed us once. But we have known too much of kings and we have lost patience with them. For kings have bled us white in a thousand bootless wars and have robbed us of our dignity and freedom and have betrayed our loyalty. So we have got rid of them. We settled the business in the Place de la Concorde and in a basement at Ekaterinburg. We have no king now but Caesar, and Caesar is ourselves.

If you would speak to us, remove your crown. Abdicate your throne, and we will receive you. Come to us as a man among men, and we will welcome you. But if you insist upon being a king, we shall crucify you.

Why do you smile, Child? Do you think that an age which has seen as much bloodshed as ours has seen would balk at one more regicide? Have you ever heard of Calvary? There is our answer to kings. Have you ever seen a man led out to Golgotha and stripped and nailed to a cross and left to die? There is a finality about that. There is a Veto more absolute than any royal veto.

And still you smile? Child, who are you? And who are these, these forms that I see around you? They are in chains, but the chains are bound around their hearts. And they sing a strange song, a song of glory to God, of peace and goodwill to men. Peace and goodwill? Peace in an age which hardly knows the definition of the word? Tell them to be quiet. There is no peace, no goodwill. We once thought that there might be but we know better now. Tell them to be quiet for they are resurrecting a part of me that I buried many years ago and have only just learned to live without.

Child, their song grows louder and you will not stop them from singing. Nor can I refuse to listen, for you command me to hear and my ears refuse to disobey you. And now my very heart proves traitor to me to obey you. Child, let me go. Set me free, for I have known slavery and I want no more of it.

But you will not let me go. And now, I fear, I do not want to be set free. I who have hated kings, I who have opposed every attempt of man to dominate man, I take you for my King. For you are indeed King by the

most divine right, being yourself the very Son of God. I see it in your eyes, which pierce through to that dark inner closet where I have buried all of the things of which I am ashamed. I see it in your hands, which reach out to me in benediction. I see it in your lips, which speak words that would sound ridiculous from anyone but God Himself—"*Shalom aleichem,* peace be unto you!"

Fasten your chain, then, upon my heart also. Make me a member of this glorious company that surrounds you. I cannot, like them, cast down a crown before you, for I have no crown. Neither can I join their song, for I have still to learn its melody. But here is my place. Here, on my knees, I find at last the freedom that I have sought so long. Here, among your slaves, I know at last the full dignity of my personality.

Naught against the power He wieldeth
Can our feeble arm prevail,
Naught doth all our might avail.
When His voice th' Almighty shews,
All the earth before Him yieldeth,
Fall at once His haughty foes;
Then no pride from ruin shieldeth.

Venite, Adoremus Dominum

Arise, shine, for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee. (Isaiah 60:1)

O come, let us adore the Lord!

The world was full of lords when Jesus was born. Men adored the powers of the mind, the appetites of the body, the commands of the Empire. And so they knew what "Venite, Adoremus" meant. Christ had to come to tell them that the lords whom they adored were not worthy of their adoration, had to come to give them a God whose heart was full of love to them and whose love was full of power for them. In Him and in His service, those who adored the false gods of self and of Empire could find a Lord as powerful as the Emperor dreamed of being and yet as intimately near as their own selfish hearts. No, even nearer. For the Lord of Bethlehem was Man

as God intended man to be, and God as man had never dreamt of seeing Him.

Somehow we have lost the capacity of adoration. The ability to wonder and to marvel is a lost art in our effete sophistication. And the message of the Child elicits only our mild interest, it stirs a memory or two—but no one marvels any more! Since no one marvels, no one adores. In contrast to the paganism and superstition of the Empire, we are enlightened indeed. But at least that paganism and superstition provided its adherents with a sense of awe and an awareness of the Holy.

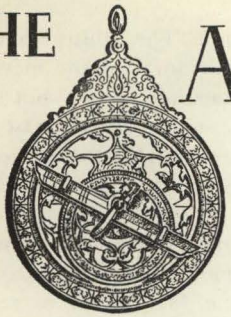
The Holy for which men have sought in the strangest places has now been born in the strangest place of all: this is the message of Christmas. Mild interest and fond memory are not the welcome He desires or requires. Rather, we must seek, somehow, to recover a sense of adoration. There is so little that is holy and reverent in our lives that we cannot respond as we would like to the Holy One born in Bethlehem.

O come, let us adore the Lord! Arise, shine, for thy light is come. Snuff out the little candles by which you have sought to illumine your life—the light of reason and the light of self—and come adore the Light that shineth in a dark place. The very Glory of the very God has entered human life as our servant and our Lord. The God of the eternities has come into time to redeem those who have sinned against Him.

O come, let us adore Him! Paltry and weak indeed are the gifts we can bring, and He needs none of them. But by the holy pity which moved Him to use a manger for His birth, He can use my talents and yours for His service. Come, all ye faithful, come and adore your infant Lord!

Beside Thy cradle here I stand,
O Thou that ever livest,
And bring Thee with a willing hand
The very gifts Thou givest.
Accept me; 'tis my mind and heart,
My soul, my strength, my ev'ry part
That Thou from me requirest.

THE ASTROLABE



By
THEODORE GRAEBNER

AMONG THE E.V.W.'s IN BRITAIN

"London sweltering in 84 degrees." The newspaper headlines said it and the people in Piccadilly Circus looked the part. They were suffering. In the British Isles 84 degrees is Hot and the only comfortable people in September, 1949, were the American visitors from the latitude of Kansas City, St. Louis, Cincinnati, and Washington, where anything in the 80's is just moderately warm and where we begin to swelter only in the 90's.

But we were headed due west from Piccadilly Circus and in an hour of steady driving we were outside of London. In our party were two Polish Lutheran pastors, the Revs. Fierla and Cimala, who were to visit some of their people to whom England had assigned certain barracks once occupied by an Army in Exile. Scattered throughout England there are such groups of barracks called hostels which are government property and which are now the homes of exiles from countries ground under foot by Russian Communism.

The highway took us to a crossroads far out in the fields gradually leading to a wooded section in which we traced a network of what they call "dim-roads" in the Ozarks. By and by we reached the settlement assigned to some of the 150,000 Poles that are now making their home in England. Nine out of ten of these homeless people are Roman Catholic by religion and the other tenth is Lutheran. Through subsidies from America these Polish Lutherans have been able to maintain their church life, and near Amersham we found fifteen Polish families being served by Pastor E. Cimala. He visits five such

camps in a given area by bicycle, conducts Sunday school in the open air, and a beautiful country church has been assigned to the group for worship by the Church of England on Sunday afternoon. The government rents the cottages in the hostel groups to the exiled families. They are all well kept and clean and each encampment is supplied by a community kitchen from which three meals per day per person are supplied under a contract with the exiled foreigners.

To enter one of these huts in the shadows of a dense forest and hear a pastor inquire after the welfare of folks like himself exiles from the continent, homeless, stateless, and so far as one can see, with little hope of returning to the homeland, is getting a glimpse of that tragedy represented by the E.V.W.'s, the European Volunteer Workers, displaced from their own countries and invited to England to work.

During the late war first the Russians, then the Germans invaded the Baltic States and today Latvia and Estonia are no more. Britain came to their aid. By long tradition this country offers a haven to the homeless and weary. So the D.P.'s were put into camps in Germany and many were given the opportunity to come to England and work in agriculture, in industry or in the hospitals and domestic positions. So it is that we have today in England hundreds of thousands of people from the Baltic Provinces, Hungarians and Poles, Finns and also Germans, who sought refuge in England where they now have an austere existence but not more austere than millions of the British themselves.

ARMY IN EXILE

I am really quoting the title of a book, the author of which I met at a religious service in London. This was a service in which a Lutheran congregation served by a Canadian pastor formally deeded over a piece of property to Polish Lutherans as the first piece of real estate owned by D.P.'s exiled in Great Britain. Next to me was seated a tall man of unmistakable military bearing introduced to me as General Anders, head of the Polish troops who fought the invading German armies, were taken prisoner by the Russians entering their country from the east, and were then confined under appalling conditions in Soviet prisons and camps. How the general was released from the infamous Lubianka prison in Moscow, was allowed to form an army out of the thousands of Poles who, like skeletons clad in rags, emerged from distant

prison camps to join him, and after endless Soviet lies and betrayals were evacuated first to Persia, then to Italy, where the troops of General Anders played a heroic part in the capture of Monte Cassino and of Ancona, has since been told By General Anders in a book, *An Army in Exile,* published by Macmillan in 1949.

It is very likely that none of the readers of THE CRESSET have ever heard of the truly scandalous betrayal of Poland by her Russian ally and her desertion by those bound by solemn compacts to guarantee her existence as an independent nation. It was on Jan. 16, 1943, that the Soviet Government had handed a note to the Polish Government in London informing them that all Poles remaining in the Soviet Union and originating from the provinces under Soviet occupation would be considered Soviet subjects. When you consider that World War II involved England and later the United States for no other reason than to protect Poland's rights as a nation when invaded by Hitler's armies, it must be regarded as one of the incredible paradoxes, yes, and one of the major tragedies of the late war, that in the conference at Teheran, in a meeting between Stalin, Churchill and Roosevelt, the eastern half of Poland was given to Russia outright, and the rest left a mere puppet state under Russian dominion. What made this shattering news for all Poles was the fact that this eastern Poland had never had a Russian population but had been Polish for over six hundred years. This action certainly made a mockery of the Atlantic Charter which said that Britain and the United States "desire to see no territorial changes that do not accord with the freely expressed wishes of the peoples concerned," and "respect the right of all peoples to choose the form of government under which they will live. . . ."

Then there were such incidents as the Katyn murders, when thousands of Polish officers were murdered by the Russians and buried in shallow graves at Smolensk. The whole story is told by Eugene Lyons in the October issue of *Plain Talk.* General Anders tells in detail the almost incredible story of betrayal and desertion which has now left 150,000 Poles a homeless people in England. From a long conversation I had with Anders he connects some very definite trains of events with the sentences that close his recital of *An Army in Exile*—"The last act is drawing nearer. Coming events will take care of the last, as yet unwritten, chapter of this book."

VILLARD'S FAREWELL TO LONDON

In an epilogue to *Within Germany* (Appleton-Century, 1940) the late Oswald Garrison Villard, editor of *The Nation,* after a personal visit recorded his impressions of the striking contrast between wartime England and Nazi Germany where few had any enthusiasm for Hitler's madness. He then expressed his trust in the victory of justice in words all the more striking because written when the case of England was at an all-time low. Mr. Villard penned these memorable sentences:

"Goodbye London! I shall take back to America an unforgettable picture of blackouts and sandbags, of trenches scarring the beautiful parks, and of balloons on guard, as exquisite when beneath blue skies as jewels in a rajah's raiment. The majesty of London at night in darkness unparalleled since the days of Shakespeare will always live with me, for then the mystery of the greatest of capitals is at its height.

"Destroy *this* city? Well may the Germans pause, for this that looms so sombre and so vast is not England's alone. This is the heritage of all who say that men shall be free. For him who lays violent hands upon it there will be forgiveness never.

"Goodbye London! As long as I live there will be with me the quiet faces of those without uniforms, without titles, the plain people who must carry on; who have nothing—yet if they have sons, everything—to lose; who must pay and pay and pay, for these are England—the England that must be made free of wars, free of fear, free of injustice—for them after the war must be built the England that is to come, better and finer than ever before.

"Goodbye England! I go unafraid. For Justice, Humanity and the Right are standing on your right hand. And to them Victory will come in time."

I wonder how many of my readers would subscribe if not to every phrase then at least to the spirit of these eloquent paragraphs. I think it would be more fair to ask—I wonder how many of my readers have seen London nine years later and have associated with the English people. I think all such would express their admiration of the spirit manifested by the people of the tight little Isle.

It is one thing to hold out under the *blitz,* when there was nowhere else to go, and it is another thing to submit to regulations, privations and hard rationing systems voluntarily assumed in order that the nation may recover from her economic collapse. No one who has seen how the British live,

what they do without in the way of food, drink, and home comforts, can doubt for a minute that Great Britain will retain her position among the nations.

The British, like our neighbors to the north of us, the people of Canada, are a law-abiding people. When the wealthy industrialists and land-holders—and as a class they were the wealthiest in the world—were made to give up their income for the general good under tax schedules which have reduced to less than twenty the number of Englishmen making $25,000 a year, they sought for no loop-holes in the law; and when the railroad unions, under a wage scale less than one-third the scale of the American Brotherhoods, were informed by a committee of three that their petition for a raise in wages was refused, they did not strike to enforce their demands but remained on the job.

Rich or poor, a Britisher obeys the law and when he gets into conflict with the courts of justice he knows that no guilty person escapes the sentence of swift and condign punishment.

BRITISH BREAKFAST

When you examine the bill of fare you look for your fruit juice, cereal, and eggs. The fruit juice is there but the portion is about one-fourth of that served in American restaurants. Cereal arrives, also in diminutive quantity; and there are no eggs. Last spring when we were in London we had eggs served for breakfast, gulls' eggs, about half the size of a good hen's egg, the yolk dark red, and the taste somewhat fishy. These were eggs of sea gulls. How they ever got them is a mystery. But there were no eggs in the fall. There was an omelet but it was prepared of powdered eggs. The Englishman is rationed to one egg a week. Some would save up their eggs for a month and then take them along on their holiday and get them prepared in the hotel kitchen. General craning of necks watching people eat real eggs. The *piece-de-resistance* for breakfast was fish, and you had a selection of herring, cod, and bloater. The fish with the least appetizing name proved to be very excellent in flavor and also in size of portion, and learning very soon how little could be expected in the remaining meals of the day, we quickly accommodated ourselves to fish for breakfast.

The British have rationed their butter to a few ounces a week per person and so with practically all the major staple articles of food. A very small quantity of meat per person per week—about one aver-

age American meal. And you could not buy in all London the smallest quantity of candy without a ration card. Probably there are black markets but we were told there is very little of that, the great mass of the population simply obeying the law.

Britishers can take ten pounds Sterling out of the country which was during the summer about forty dollars. When we met them in Belgium or Switzerland they would ask about standards of living in the United States and wistfully wonder whether such things can be true. On one downtown street in St. Albans, near London, we saw a crowd on the sidewalk gazing into the open stall of a meatshop. There was a display of a large amount of fresh meat with a sign "New Zealand Mutton." The price was about what we pay for good lamb in the United States but the average Englishman cannot pay any such price.

With all this scarcity of food there is no complaining and very little crime. England just tightens its belt, knowing that when the government consigns to the export trade all but a mere subsistence ration of food for its own population, this is to save England from bankruptcy and maintain that foreign trade on which its very life depends.

No exceptions are made for the foreigner or tourist. No matter how much American money he brings into England, he cannot spend more than five shillings a meal anywhere. Five shillings then were one dollar. Furthermore, he cannot order more than three courses. Yes, he can come back and order a second meal. No one tries this oftener than once. The stomach will simply not submit to a repetition of foods consumed in the same sequence. And no amount of bribing will make an impression on the rigid British conscience of the waiter.

It is not to be overlooked that England until quite recently was sending food packages to the defeated enemy.

WHOSO SHEDDETH MAN'S BLOOD—

The Englishman believes in the eternal justice of the command given to Noah: "Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed: For in the image of God made he man." In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries England still had a bad hang-over from the Middle Ages in the form of a criminal class, men and women who made their living through crime. Now for some generations there has been no criminal class in England due to a consistent application of the death penalty. Extreme punish-

ment was meted out during the eighteenth century still for some seventy crimes, but through the years the list of capital offenses has been greatly diminished. But the murderer still has only one prospect if caught and convicted —death by hanging. Particularly violent is popular reaction to any crime committed with firearms. As a result, there are hardly any crimes committed with weapons of that nature. Just carrying a gun subjects you to long terms in the penitentiary and heavy fines. The London police force carries no revolvers. This great city of nine million is kept in order by a police force armed with nothing more menacing than a little stick, smaller in size and weight than the *billy* which the American policeman carries in addition to his revolver.

On the occasion of our visit to London a Royal Commission on Capital Punishment was in session hearing arguments for and against the retention of the existing laws. In a memorandum submitted by the Chief Constables' Association of England and Wales it was stated that they were satisfied that the fear of capital punishment was a strong deterrent to acts of violence by potential criminals. Prisoners who were charged with wounding or attempted murder often acknowledged to the police that they would have killed their victims but for the fear of having to hang for the crime. A fear of the death penalty would also deter persons serving life imprisonment from making a violent attack on a warder or fellow prisoner.

From the police point of view, one good reason why charges of "first degree murder" or "second degree murder" should not be preferred was that the police could not always provide the Director of Public Prosecutions with all the information about a crime, particularly if it was not known what the defense would be. A skillful criminal might adopt a *modus operandi* to show in the first instance that the crime was not one in the first degree and thus escape the liability of the death sentence. A technique very common in our U. S. A.

Replying to questions by Sir Ernest Gowers, chairman, Mr. E. J. Dodd, Chief Constable of Birmingham, said it was a view very strongly held by detective officers in cases of rape or indecent assault that, but for the death penalty, the victim would frequently be murdered.

Captain H. Studdy, Chief Constable of the West Riding, said that if it were known that the suicide pact was made a case in which a less severe maximum penalty was awarded to the survivor (capital punishment is now the

mandatory sentence for the surviving party) the tendency would be for such pacts to increase and it would be very difficult to prove in court that a faked suicide pact was faked.

A memorandum put in by the Police Federation advocated that in addition to the type of murderer who carried arms or lethal weapons capital punishment should be retained for murders for financial or material gain; the carefully planned or sinister type of murder involving slow poisoning, the faked or planned accident, robbery involving premeditated murder and where there was premeditated destruction or concealment of the body, and murders committed in evading or resisting arrest.

There is slight probability of any change in the present law. The people of England believe that the certainty of the extreme penalty is a deterrent of homicide. London with more than eight million inhabitants quite recently had an annual record of twenty-five murders, while Memphis, Tenn., with a population of three hundred thousand, had more than three hundred murders in the same period. But it is not simply a matter of having capital punishment in the books. Of the United States only seven states provide life imprisonment as a penalty for murder. But in most states the law is a dead letter in this respect except only when public opinion is wrought up to a high pitch by some atrocious aspect of the crime. Not reason and common sense rule our treatment of the criminal, but the emotions.

"I smell duck and sweet potatoes. Dear God, I wish I could send my share to the children in Europe. Please take care of them. Amen." —*A Child's Table Prayer*

Music AND MUSIC MAKERS

What Makes Music Great?

[CONTINUED]

BY WALTER A. HANSEN

I have before me a *Geschichte der Musik (History of Music)* issued forty-two years ago in Leipzig by the famous publishing house of Teubner. In this work the author, one Friedrich Spiro, delivers himself of the following strange pronouncement regarding the music of Johannes Brahms:

In music Brahms is the typical representative of the diligent German middle class which means so well and, because of its lack of good taste, is continually calling forth the smiles of foreigners—smiles dictated by a feeling of superiority.

According to Spiro, Brahms embodies the spirit of heaviness and occupies a position so estranged from euphony that one could say of him that his scores do not sound like an orchestra but like an orchestrated piano version for four hands.

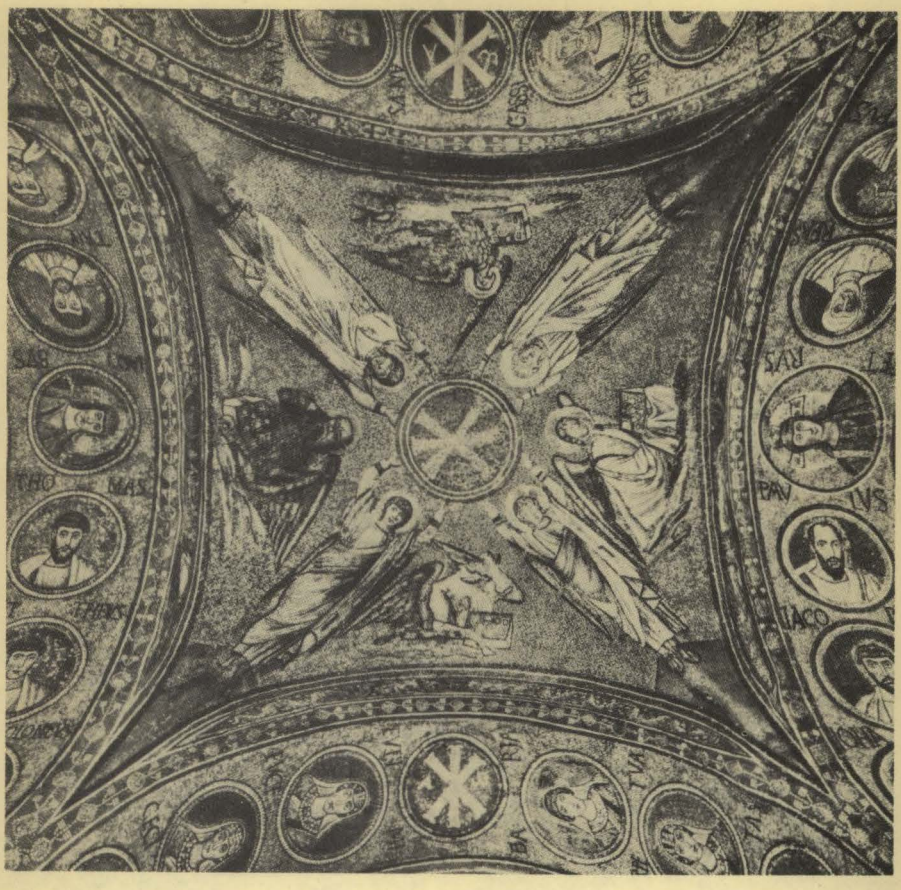
When the German savant opined that foreigners would smile with an air of superiority at the mention of Brahms, he could not, of course, have known or even suspected that a foreigner as astute and as important as James Gibbons Huneker—who came from Irish stock—would declare:

Brahms reminds me of one of those medieval architects whose life was a prayer in marble; who slowly and assiduously erected cathedrals the mighty abutments of which flanked majestically upon Mother Earth and whose thin, high pinnacles pierced the blue; whose domes hung suspended between heaven and earth and in whose nave an army could worship, while in the forest of arches music came and went like the voices of many waters. *(Mezzotints in Modern Music.)*

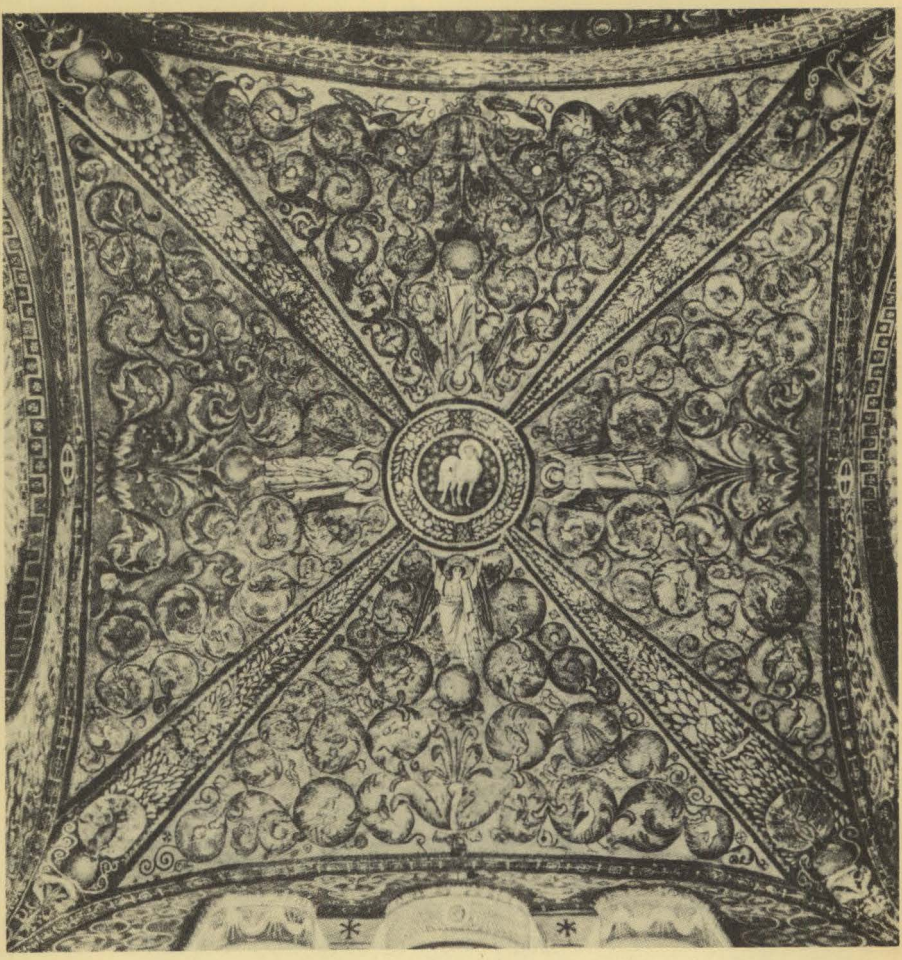
Time has proved, I believe, that Spiro, with all his learning, was a false prophet and that Huneker realized clearly the lasting and far-reaching significance of Brahms.

One of the most ancient Madonna and Child representations known.
In the Catacomb of Domitilla in Rome. About the year 310

Madonna and Child enthroned amid the angels
520 A.D.
St. Apollinare Nuovo, Ravenna



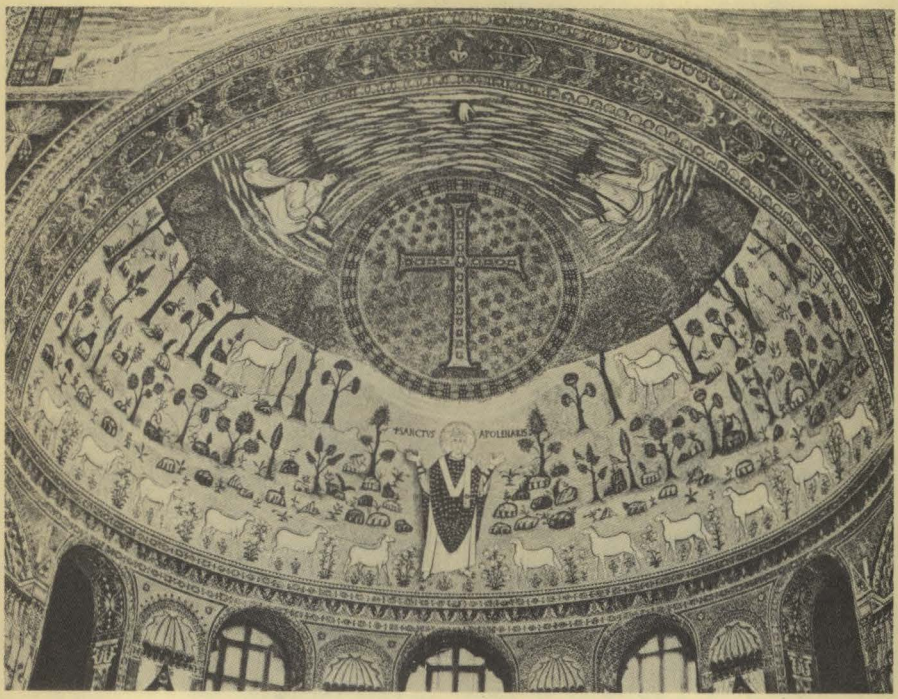
Mosaic in the Chapel vault at Ravenna, about 494. One of the first uses of the Evangelists symbols



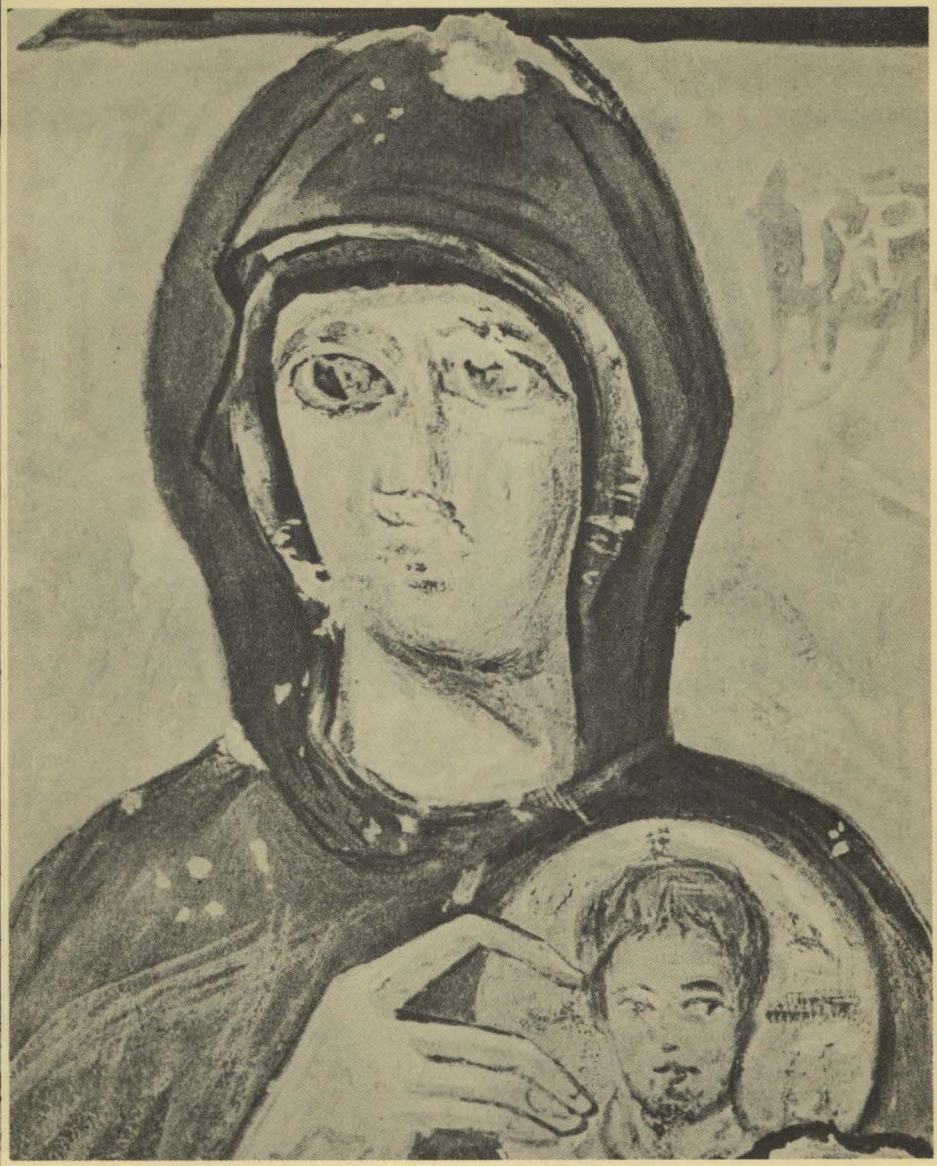
Mosaic in the ceiling in St. Vitale, Ravenna, about 530

Mosaic in the Apse of the Basilica of Eufrasiana in Parenzo. About 539

Mosaic in the Apse at Torcelli. The Virgin and the Twelve Apostles.
About the year 600



Mosaic in the Apse of St. Apollinare in Classe, Ravenna. About 549



Madonna and Child. St. Maria Antiqua in Rome. About 600

As one studies the history of music, it is both fascinating and enlightening to give consideration to changes in fashion, in expression, in tenets, and in methods. Every composer is, to a large extent, a creature of the era in which he lives. This is an axiomatic fact—a fact which should neither be overlooked nor minimized. No creator can escape the influence exercised by manners, customs, tendencies, and beliefs that are current during his lifetime.

Nevertheless, it is a fact equally true that the inexplicable power and the driving urge known as genius impels a composer to make plunges into the unknown and leads to the creation of masterpieces which contain new elements, force their way into the future, and win for themselves immortality.

Greatness of Mozart

Music has moved forward with seven-league boots since the days of Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart. Since his time the world has been regaled, startled, and edified by the achievements of a Beethoven, a Schubert, a Chopin, a Wagner, a Brahms, a Debussy, a Richard Strauss, a Schönberg, a Stravinsky, a Sibelius, a Prokofieff, and other seers; but after the lapse of more than a century the most of Mozart's works fail to show the slightest trace of senility. The great composer's masterpieces have a value which is timeless.

Someone has said that in Mozart's music we find "equipoise on splendid levels." I myself am inclined to substitute the adjective "towering" for "splendid," and I urge as emphatically as I can that "towering" be modified by the adverb "permanently." One should state, I believe, that in Mozart's music we find equipoise on permanently towering levels.

Some time ago I chanced upon a quotation from Vernon Blackburn's *Fringe of an Art*. In it the music of Mozart was aptly described as

> gay, yet restrained; exuberant without effervescence; serious, not somber; instant in effect, yet perdurable in its influence; consciously produced, yet with no trace of self-consciousness in the production.

The able writer went on to say, "Here was music unsurpassed—you would say unsurpassable."

In Mozart's music one constantly discovers new joys, new thrills, new edification, and new instruction.

When we consider that Mozart spent only thirty-five years, ten months, and eight days in this world, we find it impossible to comprehend how he could have accomplished so much in so short a time. He began to compose be-

fore he was four years of age, and from that time to the end of his brief career his unfathomable genius poured forth veritable cascades of melody. Mozart wrote four times as many symphonies and twenty times as many works for the stage as Beethoven, and Beethoven, you know, lived twenty years longer than Mozart.

Although much progress has been made in music since Mozart's body was laid to rest in a pauper's grave in 1791, there are still many things which composers can and should learn from this mighty master. Shall we join the ranks of those who for some strange reason consider Mozart's compositions old-fashioned and out of date? By no means. We should recognize, admire, and stand in awe of the skill, the vision, and the boldness of this master. Not even the symphonies of Beethoven can eclipse Mozart's *Symphony in G Minor* and the *Jupiter Symphony*. Do you know that Camille Saint-Saens, who understood a thing or two about craftsmanship, declared the *Adagio* of the *Jupiter Symphony* to be one of the marvels of music?

Do you know that the overture to *The Magic Flute,* which contains one of the most magnificent fugues ever written, was composed during the night before the first performance of the opera? It is told that Constanze, Mozart's wife, brewed strong coffee to keep her husband awake while he was writing the overture. Many thousands of listeners have thrilled to the introductory music of *The Magic Flute,* but how few realize fully what uncanny skill was required for the construction of such a work.

Mozart shows us that true art is never blustering, never bludgeoning, never pompous, never ostentatious.

Founder of German Opera

It is altogether proper to speak of Mozart as the founder of German opera. Sir Hubert Parry, the distinguished British scholar, wrote as follows concerning the master's *Idomeneo,* which was composed in 1781:

To begin with, he used an unusually large orchestra, and he used it in a way which was quite new to the world. He did not aim at characterization so much as Gluck had done, for in that respect Gluck was speculatively too much ahead of his time. But his method shows far more spontaneous skill through his keen feeling for beauty and variety of tone; and his perfect use of each separate instrument in the way best suited to its special idiosyncrasies gives the effect of security and completeness. Nothing is wasted. No player of a wind instrument merely blows in his pipe to make a sound to fill up a gap, nor do the violin players now and then merely draw out

an isolated sound to make a chord complete. Everything is articulate, finished, full of life, and that without adopting a contrapuntal manner or obtrusively introducing figures that are not wanted and merely distract attention.

About Stravinsky

Shall I jump across the years from Mozart to Igor Stravinsky? Why not? Stravinsky is not a Mozart. Of this we can be sure. Nevertheless, the redoubtable Igor will go down in history as an able and stalwart prophet. Some of his music deserves to be called great; some of it, I am sure, is drivel pure and simple.

When a writer on music and musicians undertakes to descant on a work from the pen of that idol-smasher whose name is Stravinsky, he is almost overwhelmed by a floodtide of thoughts. If he is congenitally disposed to condemn to outer darkness all the purveyors of what is called modernism, he will gnash his teeth and dip his pen in venom. If he is sympathetically inclined toward those who refuse to be hamstrung by rules and laws, he may lift up his voice with power and speak rhapsodically about what to him is heroism of the finest flowering.

It is necessary to keep a cool head when one discusses the music of Stravinsky, who is an individualist, a showman, and, in many respects, a law unto himself. A number of years ago Stravinsky stated, "I do not go back to yesterday or the day before. I go back to Bach and Palestrina and to ancient Russian church music." Yet Stravinsky was among the very first to make use of the American jazz idiom. Hugo Leichtentritt, the erudite musicologist, has declared that Stravinsky "is the real inventor of the much imitated parodistic, grotesque clown's music." If you are looking for an outstanding example of this type of writing, you will find it is Stravinsky's *Histoire du Soldat,* a septet for violin, contrabass, clarinet, bassoon, cornet, trombone, and drums.

Stravinsky, I believe, combines his sincerity as an artist with an astute sense of business. In *Modern Russian Composers* Leonid Sabaneyev has stated the case in a striking manner. He writes:

> Stravinsky's fame rests chiefly on his virtuosity in making full use of musical conditions and taking full account of fashions and fads . . . he is a deliberate innovator, deliberately glittering, sharp, shrill-voiced, flickering and blinding like electric signs . . . like Berlioz he combines genius in the field of color with definite lack of talent in a number of other musical elements, and, like Meyerbeer . . . sells his music for the pottage of fame and recognition in his lifetime. (Quoted in Lazare Saminsky's *Music of Our Day.)*

The late Lawrence Gilman,

music critic of the *New York Herald Tribune,* once said that "Stravinsky's art is smothered in doctrine." Adolf Weissmann, the distinguished German musicologist, called him a "rat catcher."

[TO BE CONTINUED]

RECENT RECORDINGS

ALEXANDER CONSTANTINE GLAZOUNOFF. *Concerto in A Minor, for Violin and Orchestra, Op. 82.* Nathan Milstein, violinist, with the RCA Symphony Orchestra under William Steinberg.—Milstein, a great master of the art of violin-playing, gives a magnificent reading of Glazounoff's engrossing concerto. RCA Victor WDM-1315.

FRÉDÉRIC-FRANCOIS CHOPIN. *Concerto No. 1, in E Minor, for Piano and Orchestra, Op. 11.* Alexander Brailowsky, pianist, with the RCA Symphony Orchestra under William Steinberg. Brailowsky's performance is worthy of high praise, but I prefer a previous recording of this work as played by Artur Rubinstein. RCA Victor WDM-1317.

ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS AND OTHER BELOVED HYMNS. The RCA Victor Chorale under Robert Shaw, with Carl Weinrich at the organ. —The able Mr. Shaw conducts Sir Arthur Sullivan's *Onward, Christian Soldiers;* John B. Dykes' *Holy, Holy, Holy;* William Croft's *O God, Our Help in Ages Past; All Creatures of Our God and King,* from *Geistliche Gesänge;* Louis Bourgois' *All People That on Earth Do Dwell;* and Josef Barney's *Now the Day Is Over.* The recording is excellent. RCA Victor WMO-1314.

THAT MIDNIGHT KISS. Mario Lanza, tenor, with the RCA Symphony Orchestra under Constantine Callinicos.—Mr. Lanza, who has a magnificent voice but is somewhat addicted to *Schmalz,* sings *Your Tiny Hand Is Frozen,* from Puccini's *La Bohème; Celeste Aida,* from Verdi's *Aida; Ungrateful Heart,* a Neapolitan song; Nutile's *What My Mother Wants to Know;* Jerome Kern's *They Didn't Believe Me;* and Bronislau Kaper's *I Know, I Know, I Know.* He is heard in these songs in the recently released M-G-M motion picture *That Midnight Kiss.* RCA Victor WDM-1330.

The Literary Scene

READ NOT TO CONTRADICT AND CONFUTE—NOR TO BELIEVE AND TAKE FOR GRANTED—BUT TO WEIGH AND CONSIDER

All unsigned reviews are by members of the Staff

Good Synthesis

WESTWARD EXPANSION. By Ray Allen Billington. The Macmillan Company, New York. 1949. 873 pages. $8.50.

IN *The Frontier in American History,* Frederick Jackson Turner remarked: "Our early history is the study of European germs developing in an American environment. . . . The wilderness masters the colonist. . . . Little by little he transforms the wilderness; but the outcome is not the old Europe. . . . The fact is that here is a new product that is American." The dean of Western historians turned a whole school of avid and hard-working disciples to a study of his frontier hypothesis. It has made a fascinating story. One can hardly resist being interested in this movement of many peoples west from the Old World, across the Atlantic and the New World, to the Pacific. In part, it is the story of humanity from the primitive to the civilized.

Ray Allen Billington of Northwestern University, another of Turner's academic grandsons fathered by Frederick Merk, has recently come out with his story of the West, *Westward Expansion.* By his own admission and with the aid of James Blaine Hedges of Brown University, Billington has "attempted to present a synthesis of the thousands of pages of writings—in texts, monographs, and learned journals—inspired by Professor Turner's essays." In his synthesis of all the details of the West, he discusses the frontier according to three major topics: The Colonial Frontier, The Trans-Appalachian Frontier, and the Trans-Mississippi Frontier. Only infrequently does the author depart from a conventional treatment of the various Wests and their unique historical qualities, the motivations that drove the American West and "the frontier's bequest to the future."

The book is significant, therefore, not because of its originality, but because of its value as a good textbook synthesis of what reputable scholars have written about the West. At times, however, he seems willing to minimize the old assumption that American democracy is a creation of

the frontier. Many historians are beginning to tire of some of the generalizations of the frontier hypothesis and emphasize that it has never been an adequate device to explain things American. Says Billington: ". . . the American wilderness simply provided a congenial environment for the well-established movement toward democracy."

VICTOR F. HOFFMANN, JR.

Sojourn Among Slaves

GUESTS OF THE KREMLIN. By Lieut. Col. Robert G. Emmens. The Macmillan Company, New York. 1949. 291 pages. $3.00.

STRANGELY enough, some citizens of the United States of America believe and proclaim that the Soviet Union is a land flowing with milk and honey. "The U. S. S. R.," they declare, "gives true freedom." They consider communism a great boon to mankind.

Those who are held fast in the clutches of a notion so utterly false and fantastic should direct their attention to what men and women who have been behind the Iron Curtain have reported concerning actual conditions in Sovietland.

If every Communist in our land could be induced to read *Guests of the Kremlin,* the prophets and the dupes of the Soviet ideology would decrease greatly in number. Their enthusiasm for Stalin's cause would wane.

Lieut.—now Lieut. Col.—Robert G. Emmens was aboard one of the B-25 Mitchell bombers which took off from the flight deck of the *Hornet* in April, 1942, to carry the war directly to Tokyo. For some reason which was never discovered the gasoline supply of Emmens' plane did not suffice to carry the ship to China after the mission had been accomplished. In consequence, the crew found it necessary to land in Siberia. The five men thought that the U. S. S. R. would allow them to replenish their fuel supply and proceed on their way.

Since the Soviet Union was not at war with Japan in 1942, the men in power decided to adhere strictly to international law and to intern the crew of the B-25. Everything was done in an evasive manner. The Americans received food and vodka. They had bed and board; but often the beds had to be candled for bugs, and the type of food soon grew monotonous. The diet was altogether out of balance. No medicines were available, and the small supply of aspirins and quinine carried by the crew members soon disappeared because of the long fingers of the guards.

After a short time the fliers were moved by way of the trans-Siberian railway to a place in western Russia where the cold was terrific. They were always under guard. They saw unbelievable filth and squalor. Men, women, and children were hungry—incredibly hungry. If the Americans shared some of their food with the unfortunates, the ever present guard would reprimand them. "It is forbidden," said the soldiers, "to give food to these people. Besides, it is dangerous. Food is rationed out to the citizens of the Soviet Union on

the basis of work. No work, no food."

The chosen few in the Soviet Union lived in luxury; but the workers had barely enough to keep their bodies and souls together, and those who could not work were left to starve. Proper sanitation was nonexistent, and the people were wrapped in rags. Many of them lived like animals. There was no freedom. Yet it had been dinned into the ears of the people so persistently and so systematically that they were free that they actually believed the foul lie.

Lieut. Emmens and his four companions grew sick of the quarters and the food allotted to them in the cold and muddy region to which they had been sent. Finally they plucked up courage to write a letter to Stalin. No one knows whether the dictator received the missive; but soon the men, who had said that they wanted to work, were dispatched under guard to the south. Here the living conditions and the food were even worse. At last, after more than a year in Sovietland, they found an opportunity to escape. A Persian border-runner agreed for a price to smuggle them over the mountains of the Turkmenistan Soviet Republic into Iran. The five men then made their way to the British consulate and to freedom. They returned to the United States by way of India, Africa, and South America.

The author's descriptions of the conditions he and his companions found in the U. S. S. R. should disabuse any potential Communist of the notion that Sovietism makes for milk, honey, and liberty. Every part of the huge country was downtrodden and dictator-ridden. Lieut. Emmens gives the following vivid account of what he saw after the group had been transferred to the southern part of the country:

> Here, as we had seen in every other place where we had lived in Russia, was the result of purges, terrorism, and the reduction of humanity to soulless beings, capable of nothing more than blind following of every whim of the most complete dictatorship known in history. The few looser-tongued Russians who had confided in us had convinced us that the bloody purges were still going on in all parts of Russia today. And it foretold what other countries gathered into the Soviet fold might expect.

Up and Down in Prairietown

DEMOCRACY IN JONESVILLE: A Study in Quality and Inequality. By W. Lloyd Warner and Associates. Harper & Brothers, New York. 1949. 313 pages. $4.50.

EQUALITY and fraternity were considered basic requirements of true democracy in the early period of modern democracy when the United States was brought into being. Our country was supposed to be the political organization of a classless society. From the very beginning of our history the wish has been the father of thought. However, in the earlier times of our existence it approached the ideal much closer—at least in the North—than after the Civil War. Today a class system exists in the United States which does not differ too much from that of the European countries from which our population has sprung. It is therefore quite natural that an in-

creasing number of books dealing with our social classes, their structure and functioning, should have been written in fictional and scientific literature.

A good and interesting book of the last-mentioned type is *Democracy in Jonesville.* Jonesville is any small town in the Middle West. The method of investigation consists in general of interviews and personal observations. The book divides the people of Jonesville into five classes: Top, upper-middle, middle, lower, and bottom. The distinguishing characteristics of each class are differences in wealth and its use, kind of occupation, education, choice of dwelling areas and home ownership, church membership, and group associations.

But it is possible, though increasingly more difficult, to move up in the social-class hierarchy of our country; as it is, on the other hand, a common occurrence for people to move down.

"The principal methods of upward mobility," according to Mr. Warner, "are accumulation of money and its transformation into socially approved symbols, educational advancement, recognition of trained talent, marriage into a higher level, the use of beauty and sex, the acquisition of secular rituals at superior levels, learning the social skills (speech, etc.) of those in the higher groups, and participation in associations, cliques, churches, and other institutions above those you previously used."

"Downward mobility is caused by loss of money, marriage at lower levels, loss of moral and ethical behavior, and participation in associations, cliques, churches, and other institutions below those you previously used."

To one of the chapters in this interesting and worthwhile book we take strong exception, that which is entitled "The Norwegians: Sect and Ethnic Group." The author of this chapter is unfortunately unfamiliar with the Lutheran Church as a whole, its religious beliefs and its present-day attitude towards active participation in American social and political life. The author of this particular chapter identifies a small pietistic and ethnocentric segment of people of Norwegian descent, who are much closer to old-time Methodists than to Lutherans, with the large body of Lutherans. Therefore, almost everything attributed by the writer to "the" Lutherans is erroneous and will be rightly resented by all true Lutherans, no matter to what branch of the Lutheran Church in America they belong, including the great majority of American Lutherans of Norwegian descent.

F. K. KRUGER

Of Art and God

THE JOURNALS AND LETTERS OF THE LITTLE LOCKSMITH. By Katharine Butler Hathaway. Coward-McCann, Inc., New York. 1949.

THE many readers who, not so long ago, reluctantly replaced on its shelf the excellent book *The Little Locksmith,* by Katharine Butler Hathaway, will welcome further acquaintance with the author through *The Journals and Letters of the*

Little Locksmith. There was a poignant *élan* in the earlier volume that made the reader wish for more intimate knowledge of the remarkable spirit that had written it—of the forceful personality that, despite a grave physical handicap, revealed so great capacity to make life rich for herself and her associates. In these *Journals and Letters* a more down-to-earth Katharine Hathaway is discovered, but also one even more stimulating, because more spiritually mature.

Unfortunately, some of the vagueness regarding the practical facts of Mrs. Hathaway's life is still present in the second volume, chiefly because of the lack of a brief, chronological account of her life. The need is not quite filled by the book's *Foreword.* This indefiniteness is increased by the not too satisfactory arrangement of the papers included. And one feels that the compiler had done greater justice to Mrs. Hathaway by using a little more discrimination in his choice of material. On the other hand, this brave little person seems, even in her most secret notes, seldom to have written, or thought, real trivia.

The thing that, in all the book, most interested the present reviewer is to be found on pages 315 and 316. Here, in a letter to her husband, Mrs. Hathaway first confesses that she has "come to believe in God," that she is "a devout religious person, although untaught and ignorant concerning it, because I grew up in an entirely irreligious generation. . . . I feel terribly shy indeed, writing you this. As somebody said, it is as embarrassing and difficult to use the word God in our generation as it was to use the word Sex in the previous one."

Here, indeed, is a damning commentary on our time. Mrs. Hathaway lived briefly in the atmosphere of Greenwich Village, where, before this spiritual growth, she must have accepted the notion, universal there, that "Art is God." Art, when based on eternal values, is indeed of God. But for a young student, worshipping at the Shrine of the Decadent Seven, to say "Art is the only God," is another matter. The author of *The Little Locksmith* was much too great an individual to continue through life without recognizing this fallacy. Her very failure to say much more on this point is eloquent, and sets one to wondering what finer stuff might not have come, in her later years, from a pen dipped in a fluid to which God, as well as man, had contributed an element. Let the newly enlightened intelligentsia that one likes to predict, these dark days, ponder this thought: Is the feverish activity of the atheist half so dangerous to the future as the passive indifference to God of the artist who substitutes for Him a box of paints?

In one of her later notes, Mrs. Hathaway wrote (p. 384): "I need a church to go into and kneel down and be humble and grateful and pray to God to keep me humble and grateful. A person might say, 'Why do you need a church? Why can't you pray anywhere?' Well, you create a room with a special atmosphere for other purposes—why not a place with a special atmosphere for the most im-

portant purpose, the purpose of God's guidance and our humility toward God?"

And again (p. 385): "I believe we need to return to the idea of the Middle Ages in which artists were nameless, working for the glory of God, not for themselves and their fame. I distrust my own ability to receive fame and not be corrupted by it."

THEODORE E. MERRITT

Between Extremes

THE VITAL CENTER. By Arthur Meier Schlesinger, Jr. Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston. 1949. $3.00.

THE current international scene is charged with the highly volatile threat of the overshadowing spectre of communism. Newscasters and news reporters daily flood the public with ominous predictions that have done nothing to relieve the hysteria that has come to mark our generation. Two devastating world wars and a possible third have shaken the very foundations of free society with the many isms that have risen to add confusion and distress to the chaos. The once complacent and serene minds of men have given way to almost fanatical pessimism in their notions of catastrophe and probable destruction in the future. Out of the depths of this mass hysteria comes *The Vital Center* to lay down its challenge to free society to hold firmly to its faith in the struggle against communism and its totalitarian creeds.

Mr. Schlesinger is most timely since, in almost brutal reality, he portrays the insidious nature and character of Russian communism and its efforts to force its bureaucratic formula upon the world. Against this totalitarian power, capitalism strives to save and preserve the institutions of free society. However, the author's warning against the machinations of capitalism is not unwarranted. He shows clearly where capitalism has failed to keep itself apace with the almost unparalleled expansion of technological industrialism and has created a vacuum for the twentieth century "industrial mind." Around this thesis, then, the author has resolved the ideological conflict between capitalism and communism that has become today the focal point of the international crisis.

How does Mr. Schlesinger answer the problem? His formula necessitates a reaffirmation of the faith in freedom and a resurgence of the middle way.

RICHARD ALTOBELLI

Basic Studies

STUDIES IN SOCIAL PSYCHOLOGY IN WORLD WAR II. By Samuel A. Stouffer and Associates. Volume I, The American Soldier: Adjustment During Army Life. 599 pages. Volume II, The American Soldier: Combat and Its Aftermath. 675 pages. Princeton University Press, Princeton, New Jersey. 1949. Vols. I and II together, $13.50; separately, $7.50.

BECAUSE of available funds and data the authors of these volumes had an unusual opportunity to evaluate and analyze the unique

problems involved in a study of human attitudes and adjustment. During World War I, human aptitudes were studied and as a result of this study a decided impetus was given to the measurement movement in this area of human traits and characteristics. It is conceivable that the interpretations given and techniques used in the research presented in these two volumes may give a similar impetus to the evaluation and measurement of human attitudes and behavior.

The data contained in these volumes were collected by the Research Branch, Information and Education Division of the Army during World War II. During the war the data were used by the Director of the Army Information and Education Division in his administrative and policy decisions. After the war these data were released to the Social Science Research Council for analysis and interpretation. These volumes are the first two in a series of four drawn on the conclusions of a group of sociologists and social psychologists.

Since over 200 studies were available to the authors, it is impossible to list all of the surveys included. Volume I considers such problems of personal adjustment to the life of the Army as social mobility, attitudes toward leadership and control, and job assignment and satisfaction. Volume II treats the special problems of combat and its aftermath such as the control of fear in combat, psychoneurotic symptoms, and the point system for redeployment and discharge.

Controversial issues concerning personal attitudes and adjustment will arise but with studies such as here presented, these controversies should proceed not only on a verbal, theoretical level but also into empirical research of specific interest to the social scientists. The volumes should stimulate sociologists and social psychologists to further experimentation in this area of science—an area in which all research is highly cumulative.

DANA B. SCHWANHOLT

Between Headaches

THE ASPIRIN AGE. 1914-1941. Edited by Isabel Leighton. Simon and Schuster, New York. 1949. $3.95.

THIS is an exceptional book—America between two wars as captured by twenty-two writers specializing in phases of the period. Example: Gene Tunney on his fight with Dempsey. It is yesterday's history—the significant and the fantastic, the comic and the tragic—as it might be told on the intelligent plane of *Harpers Magazine* or in the urbane terms of *The New Yorker.*

Why the title? Editor Leighton (incredibly, once a Broadway ingénue, later a playwright) says that during these years "we seem to have fluctuated between headaches . . . searched in vain for a cure-all, coming no closer to it than the aspirin bottle."

The only point a captious reader might quibble about is the choice of occasional pieces. For instance, inclusion of Morris Markey's "The Mysterious Death of Starr Faithfull"

or Joel Sayre's "the Man on the Ledge." It can be argued that such fascinating trivia does not reflect any significant phenomena of the times. But then again, that is not what the collection sets out to do. The criterion for including any certain piece is, for the most part, a broad one—whether it makes interesting reading.

And considering the dazzling breadth of things covered, the pieces come off fairly even whether it be Samuel Hopkins Adams recounting the anomaly of President Harding's career or Charles Jackson telling of the hysteria that gripped New Jersey the night Orson Welles' Martians came.

This isn't the kind of tome that can be reviewed in 250 words. It is too sprawling. But it can be recommended.

It is.

RAY L. SCHERER

A Necessary Book

THE RELIGIOUS REVOLT AGAINST REASON. By L. Harold De Wolf. Harper & Brothers, New York. 1949. 217 pages. $2.50.

AN ESTEEMED professor once told this reviewer, "When you contemplate writing a book, the first question you must ask yourself is: Will the book answer a crying need?" Mr. De Wolf's book is such a book. The time was more than ripe for someone to do what the author set out to do. One may not wholly agree with his analysis and findings. One may even disagree with his whole manner of approach. But one will admit that Mr. De Wolf has undertaken a task which needed to be done by someone. If some do not like the book, let them do better.

The author takes up the problem of the place of reason in religious thinking. Here are Tatian, Tertullian, Luther, Calvin, and in recent times, particularly Kierkegaard, Barth, Brunner, and Reinhold Niebuhr who are known as revolters against reason in religion and promoters of faith as the only instrument for the apprehension of religious truth. Here are, on the other hand, the rationalists of all ages (the author avoids becoming ensnared in the tensions arising from the Thomistic approach) who insist on the function of reason in the apprehension of religious truth and assign to it a place however modest in the approach to religious knowledge. Who, then, is right?

In dealing with this problem, the author proceeds carefully and with painstaking attention to the reader's capacity to follow his lead through a maze of abstract thought. He traces first the objections raised against reason by the irrationalists. He then calls on reason to defend itself. In the next chapter, the author presents his own objections to the irrationalistic approach. In the last chapter "Reason and Faith" he presents a summary of his findings. His final conclusion reads, "The theoretical division of reason from faith produces the barrenness of logical positivism on the one hand and uncritical dogmatism on the other. The practical separation of reason from faith gives rise to a science devoted to the uncontrolled, amoral development of techniques for mass destruc-

tion and to a religion of fanatically intense feeling with no means of self-criticism nor of application to the tasks of our common life. Only by the union of reason and faith in the service of God can we hope both to know the Truth and to be free. For God is the ground of our reason, the source of our knowledge and the only hope of our salvation."

The book, a model of clean thinking, is well documented. Students of Kierkegaard will be pleased with the author's eminently fair and sympathetic treatment of this great Danish thinker of the nineteenth century.

Periphery of War

NO BANNERS, NO BUGLES. By Edward Ellsberg. Dodd, Mead & Company, New York. 1949. 370 pages. $4.00.

HERE is a book about the periphery of war which catches more of the feel of Armageddon—the frustrations, the waste—than do many of the battle memoirs awash, as they are, in gore.

Take an accomplished writer as well as the leading American naval salvage engineer. Give him a sense of the drama. Then thrust him into the edge of war, into dramatic human situations. The result is a *No Banners, No Bugles.* The title is particularly fortunate for the book concerns the small band of salvage sailors, unsung and unheralded, who pulled off one salvage miracle after another under Captain Ellsberg's inspiration. The captain was principal salvage officer under General Eisenhower in the North African invasion.

He worked under unbelievable handicaps, was first of all an American in a British naval theater. Equipment was negligible, in transit or lost somewhere in Africa. Emergencies were hourly. The French in 1942 were quixotic, the English running on little more than their nerve.

North Africa was the first big invasion in history. Harbors were essential. Getting troops and supplies there was one problem, not Ellsberg's. But keeping the harbors open, keeping ships afloat was his.

Perhaps the most gripping (and heartbreaking) story in the book is the blistering effort to put out fires on the huge abandoned troop ship *Strathallen.* Then there is a chronicle of French stupidity. The French command nullified weeks of American toil in one fell swoop, insisted on dragging a worthless vessel spang over a delicate salvage project. Then did it again. All this while Author Ellsberg stood by, hopelessly hamstrung under a divided command. Another fascinating chapter recounts bringing in the shattered British destroyer HMS *Porcupine,* kept afloat by ingenuity and pumps.

At times the book gives one the feeling that the entire Mediterranean must be black with torpedoed hulks while Ellsberg and company dash from one to another with all the dedication of New England volunteer firemen.

Offhand there would not seem to be much drama (or literary fare) in raising wrecks from the bottom of Oran Harbor. But Ellsberg found it and here puts it between covers. All the while he never loses the personal

feel . . . never lets loose the great leaven of wartime—his sense of humor . . . never lets the reader forget that his characters are flesh and blood men with both foibles and wondrous resources of ingenuity midst adversity.

RAY L. SCHERER

No Prejudice

PUNISHMENT WITHOUT CRIME. By S. Andhil Fineberg. Doubleday. $3.50.

THE problem of the vermin press in America, the festering sores of racial and religious hatred in America, the rabble rousers of all varieties still cause thoughtful Americans profound concern. There are various ways in which to handle the Jew-baiters and the Negro-haters. One method is to heap scorn upon them, to pass laws against their activities, to isolate them from the community. This is poor preventive medicine. When the righteous and the decent try to suppress hatred by force of one kind or the other, the plant of intolerance grows so much the faster.

This book offers one of the most effective discussions on how to handle prejudice and intolerance your reviewer has seen in many a season of books on prejudice. Dr. Fineberg insists in chapter after chapter that tact, patience, and perseverance are the best methods by which minority groups in American life can be protected against the warped and twisted hate fomenters. He cites dozens of instances by which such methods worked.

He is not an advocate of the direct attack in destroying racial prejudice. There comes a time, of course, when sympathy and decency will not educate the intolerant. Then there must be a direct and hard approach. The poison spreader must be told in no uncertain terms that he must cease and desist from this time forward under severe penalty. Here is a helpful book for anyone deeply disturbed by the presence of anti-semitism or anti-Negro feeling in the community.

A Modern Critic

IMAGE AND IDEA: Fourteen Essays on Literary Themes. By Philip Rahv. New Directions, New York. 1949. 164 pages. $3.00.

THE name of Philip Rahv carries increasing prestige as a result of the intelligent critical thinking which he represents. Since its beginning in 1936 he has been one of the editors of the magazine *Partisan Review.* Well received, moreover, were his recent *Discovery of Europe: An Anthology of American Experience in the Old World,* and an edition of James.

In this collection the nine essays and five sketches were published originally over a span of ten years and in several magazines. They are therefore not equal in significance nor are they even in quality. In their total effect, however, they stimulate. Among other personalities, Hawthorne and Henry James, Tolstoy and Dostoevsky, Kafka and Koestler are analyzed for essential merit, namely, *image and idea* (though not in these pairs). Literary topics singled out effectively are the cult of experi-

ence in American writing, and the decline of naturalism generally. But whimsical is the word for the initial essay entitled "Paleface and Redskin," i.e., highbrow writers like James vs. lowbrow writers like Whitman: "The national literature suffers from the ills of a split personality."

Though Mr. Rahv displays a journalistic flair, his content is a good reassessment of certain American and European writers.

HERBERT H. UMBACH

How Came This Man

MEMOIRS OF CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH. By Albert Schweitzer. Translated by C. T. Campion. The Macmillan Company, New York. 1949. 78 pages. $1.75.

WHEN one thinks of Albert Schweitzer, one thinks of a synthetic mind approaching that of Goethe, Leibniz, Leonardo da Vinci, and even Aristotle. His tireless activity and fruitful productivity as a physician, theologian, musician, philosopher, and missionary extends over a full half century. What was the secret of his power and success? What were his biological and environmental resources? What combination of fortunate factors created this genius of our age? The *Memoirs* supply the answer, though of course not the whole answer. The book will therefore not entirely satisfy the curious. But it will delight the reader who reads for the sheer joy of reading. It will thrill the student of autobiography. It will reassure those who believe in the blessedness of a Christian home. It will persuade even the embittered pessimist that Schweitzer's indomitable idealism, his firm belief in the reality of the good and the true was at least in part responsible for his successes. Men of our age can do much worse than seriously ponder Schweitzer's appeal: "At the present time when violence, clothed in life, dominates the world more cruelly than it ever has before, I still remain convinced that truth, love, peaceableness, meekness, and kindness are the violence which can master all other violence. The world will be theirs as soon as ever a sufficient number of men with purity of heart, with strength, and with perseverance think and live out the thoughts of love and truth, of meekness and peaceableness" (p. 77).

Flynn's Trembles

THE ROAD AHEAD. By John T. Flynn. Devin-Adair. $2.50.

SUBTITLED "America's Creeping Revolution," Mr. Flynn presents a horrendous picture of what is happening in the forty-eight states under the malevolent scheming of a group of longhairs and, in particular, one Mr. Harry S. Truman. This is not the first time Mr. Flynn has raised the trumpet to his lips to warn America. *The Roosevelt Myth* was his first sustained effort to tell Americans about the horrors of the New Deal and the coming horrors of other tribes of Democrats.

There are two ways of reviewing *The Road Ahead.* One would be to consider it in the context of *The Roosevelt Myth;* the other to regard

it simply as an individual phenomenon. Your reviewer prefers the latter.

Mr. Flynn states that he wrote this book to help people answer the question, "Where are we heading?" Presumably the people who draw annual $50,000 pension checks are rather worried about some of the governmental trends. They are asking, "Where are we heading?" In other words, the group that is asking the question about economic and political trends today is the group whose economic security is well-established. As far as we know, the factory worker, the farmer, and the white collar worker is less concerned about the answer to the question, "Where are we heading?" than the man who scans the stock market trends in relation to his income.

And because Mr. Flynn addresses his question to one particular class it is worth noting that he plays on men's fears. He drags up the bugaboo of communism. He insists that union leaders, such as Dubinsky and Reuther, are completely ignorant of all economic factors in American society and that their primary concern is to foist a type of socialism on America. He insists that our union leaders have drunk deeply at the well of Fabian Socialism and that many, despite evidence to the contrary, are favorably inclined to communism.

Mr. Flynn devotes several chapters attempting to prove the similarity between socialism and communism. He shows how the socialists and communists have invaded the Democratic Party. He discusses the efforts of the communists to convert the south. Of particular interest at this point is Mr. Flynn's insistence that the socialists (communists) have taken over the Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America. He offers many quotations from books and speeches by members of the Federal Council. Your reviewer submits, however, that Mr. Flynn deliberately pulls the quotations out of historical context or misreads interpretations into those speeches and books. When the Federal Council makes a statement about the limitations of private property and states that social planning is a necessity, Mr. Flynn immediately says, "These men are making an artful play upon words."

When a churchman uses the term "industrial democracy" or "social controls," Mr. Flynn says, "Which everyone knows is a synonym for socialism." Who is everyone? Mr. Flynn's followers? The bankers? U. S. Steel? General Motors?

Your reviewer is not attempting to make out a brief for the Federal Council. The Council's failings are well known and its advocacy of a conservative Christianity has been notoriously weak. But that the Council is deliberately attempting to foist communism on America is an absurd charge. Furthermore, Mr. Flynn's equation of communism with socialism is a deliberate falsification of historical facts and philosophic method.

The Road Ahead is completely negative from beginning to end. It is true that in the last chapter he lists ten demands to bring America back to sanity. Those proposals are completely negative in the approach to contemporary problems. Mr. Flynn

wants a return to the day when the Manchester economists were in full sway, when any entrepreneur could establish himself with the minimum of interference from government, church, society. Indeed, that is what Mr. Flynn dislikes: interference.

Your reviewer hates interference, too. Bitterly. Violently. Unfortunately the industrial society of our day is highly complicated. It can be affected by a half dozen varying factors which may suddenly throw a million men into unemployment. Mr. Flynn offers no solution for this ever present situation. It is exceedingly doubtful if the system of free enterprise, which Mr. Flynn advocates, will ever solve full employment. It failed in the past. Mr. Flynn offers no proof that it will succeed if given another opportunity.

I Remember

THIS I REMEMBER. By Eleanor Roosevelt. Harper & Bros. $4.50.
F. D. R. MY BOSS. By Grace Tully. Chas. Scribners' Sons. $3.50.

ONE of America's charming and great ladies is Eleanor Roosevelt. Her years in the White House almost automatically placed her in the public spotlight. Captious critics complained that she took advantage of her position to meddle in affairs which were not her concern. Others insisted that she achieved prominence because of her marriage to the president. Evidence has accumulated through the years, however, indicating that Mrs. Roosevelt is great in her own right.

The second section of her autobiography (the first appeared several years ago) is a modestly written account of the years in Albany and in the White House. She devotes a great deal of attention to her husband's struggle with polio. A reader receives the impression that if it had not been for her unflagging courage her husband would have given up the struggle. Thanks to her belief in his greatness he was persuaded to battle for the governorship. Particularly illuminating is her description of the break between Al Smith and Roosevelt. She feels that Al Smith tried to foist himself upon her husband's state administration. She feels that Al Smith did not have a grasp of national problems and that whatever social achievements were credited to him rightfully belonged to Mrs. Moskowitz, a distinguished humanitarian.

The years in the White House naturally receive their share of attention. Of special interest is her account of her connection with the American Youth Congress and Joe Lash, its president. She offers no apologies for being associated with this group. She states quite emphatically that she obtained a good insight into the infiltrating tactics of the Communists.

Her autobiography is filled with portraits of men like Hopkins (whom she apparently had difficulty understanding), Howe (for whom she expresses a high and sincere admiration), her mother-in-law (who must have been "difficult" at times), and the many statesmen, artists, politicians who clustered about the White House. She frankly confesses her fail-

ures as a parent. The book is filled with those tiny details about White House social life which interest almost all Americans.

Throughout the book one receives the positive impression of a great lady who can think for herself, who arrives at independent decisions, who is ready to take up the fight for the most unpopular causes once she is convinced she must do so. The greatness of her husband shines through the pages. She makes no overt claim that he is one of our great presidents. One simply assumes that Franklin Delano Roosevelt belongs in the select company of Jefferson, Lincoln, Washington.

Here is a good story of a sensitive social conscience. It will stand for many years as evidence that even a president's wife can be more than a fixture in America's most famous home.

Grace Tully served for many years as one of F. D. R.'s personal secretaries. If it is generally true that no boss is a hero to his secretary, Grace Tully's memoirs give the lie to that assumption. Her record is a valuable account because of the many sidelights offered on F. D. R.'s personal habits, his methods of work, his reactions to crucial problems. Historians will have to read this volume also when they write an assessment of those crucial years in America's history, 1932-1945.

Faith is the backbone of the social and the foundation of the commercial fabric; remove faith between man and man, and society and commerce fall to pieces. There is not a happy home on earth but stands on faith, our heads are pillowed on it, we sleep at night in its arms with greater security for the safety of our lives, peace and prosperity than bolts and bars can give.

THOMAS GUTHRIE

The READING ROOM

By THOMAS COATES

California

WE FREELY acknowledge, as a native son of California, a nostalgia for the Golden State that neither time nor circumstance has been able to diminish. But on our periodic visits to our native bourne, we have found that the place *has* changed. Not, forsooth, the golden sunset or the rolling surf; not the sparkling jewel box that is San Francisco by night or the queenly majesty of snow-mantled Shasta; not the cathedral-like redwood groves or the silver cataracts of the Yosemite.

But other things. The population, for instance. In fact, the population especially. For, from the increase in population have arisen the other changes—both above and beneath the surface—that make the returning traveler rub his eyes in bewilderment. This transmogrification is the subject of Carey McWilliams' lead article in the October issue of *Harper's,* entitled "Look What's Happened to California."

Mr. McWilliams summons forth an array of facts and figures that are downright sensational. He shows, for instance, that in the seven years between 1940 and 1947, California gained *three million* new residents—a figure equal to the total population of the state at the time of World War I. California has thus plunged ahead of Illinois and Ohio in population, and is just a shade behind Pennsylvania, the second most populous state in the Union. In fact, the way things are going, by the time you read these lines, California may have outdistanced the Keystone State.

> No other state has ever shown a volume of increase through migration even remotely approaching this; it is so large as to represent a substantial redistribution of the population of the United States.

What is more, this trend is still underway. California, the second largest state as to area, is still far from overcrowded—although you might be inclined to doubt this statement if your view of California is confined to Los Angeles County or to the San Francisco

Bay region. In fact, experts predict that the population of the state will eventually reach twenty million.

The economic, political, and social impact of this population thrust is obvious. For example: Since California's gains represent corresponding losses on the part of other states—notably mid-western and south-central—it follows that California will receive a minimum of six additional seats in Congress, at the expense of these states. Congressional strength, in turn, has a bearing upon representation in the Electoral College. Thus, slowly and inevitably, the balance of political power is moving in California's direction.

Or take the economic sphere: According to a Department of Commerce spokesman,

> "Oregon once had to ship lumber and cheese two thousand miles to find a market of 10,000,000 consumers. Now such a market lies at the end of the seven-hundred-mile Shasta route of the Southern Pacific out of Portland." It is not by chance, therefore, that the volume of north-south train, bus, and airline passenger traffic on the West Coast has begun to exceed in importance the volume of east-west traffic.

No less dramatic are the changes wrought in California's social fabric through the westward surge of the past decade. The schools, for instance, are bursting at the seams. In one year the school enrollment of Los Angeles alone shot up by 19,800. Nor is this condition confined to the elementary school level. The enrollment in the state university system and the state colleges already totals some 60,000 students.

> This, then, is California in 1949, a century after the gold rush: still growing rapidly, still the pace-setter, falling all over itself, stumbling pell-mell to greatness without knowing the way, bursting at every seam. . . . California is not another American state: it is a revolution within the states. It is tipping the scales of the nation's interest and wealth and population to the West, toward the Pacific.

One of the principal facets of California's complex economic and social problem is the issue of old-age assistance. The factor that makes this an especially acute problem in the Golden State is its disproportionately high percentage of "senior citizens," as they are euphemistically called. Of the ten million Americans over 65 years of age, 750,000 live in California. A large percentage of these receive some form of public assistance.

This naturally affords a happy hunting ground for California politicians, and at every election time enterprising vote-seekers, with much thumping of the breast, proclaim their unyielding

devotion to the cause of more and bigger pensions.

"Pension Politics in California" is the title of Carey McWilliams' article in *The Nation* for October 1. California, he points out, has spawned three powerful pension movements: The Townsend Plan, the Payroll Guarantee Association ("Ham and Eggs"), and the Citizens' Committee for Old-Age Pensions. Movements like these, of course, offer golden opportunities for political racketeers to muscle their way in and to capitalize upon the gullibility of the aged and infirm. McWilliams advises:

> It is crucially important that the pension movement should be integrated with some larger social enterprise, say, with labor. If the nation wants to avoid California's pension trouble, it will encourage the labor movement to assume immediate leadership of a campaign for a generous pension program.

Chicago's Misery Mile

SEVERAL months ago two reporters from the *Chicago Daily News* pulled a sensational scoop with their first-hand exposé of the unspeakable conditions along Chicago's notorious "Skid Row." This is the area immediately adjoining West Madison Street, one of Chicago's main arteries, beginning less than a mile from the Loop and extending for about a mile westward. Anyone who has passed through Chicago's Union Station or Northwestern Station has gotten at least a glimpse of the area in question.

James O'Gara records his impression of the *Daily News*' "Skid Row" articles in *The Commonweal* for September 30. As might be expected in a Roman Catholic journal, he excoriates the type of work which is being done by assorted Protestant mission groups in this blighted area of the nation's second city. And yet Mr. O'Gara's indictment is sufficiently well founded to give pause to any thinking Protestant:

> In these missions free meals and a place to sleep can be had by the man who will take a dive, repent publicly, testify, and be saved. The men know this, and the mission workers know they know it. Still the practice persists, and the missions on Skid Row continue to use food for the hungry and rest for the weary as bait for their particular version of the Christian Gospel.

It is bitterly ironical that the noisome squalor and depravity of Skid Row should exist within the very shadow of the affluence and luxury of one of the world's greatest cities. Can anything be done about it? Responsible civic leaders and social workers have suggested such things as better and more equitable law enforcement; enforcement of protective health and fire laws; expansion of prison

farm facilities for treatment of alcoholics; better handling in the courts, etc.

Mr. O'Gara, however, suggests what appears to him a better solution, and one which apparently has occurred to no one: an application of the spirit and methods of Saint Vincent de Paul, the great apostle of charity.

A Liberal Passes

MOST of the nation's journals took notice of the passing of Oswald Garrison Villard, one of America's foremost liberal journalists and crusader for many an honorable cause. *Human Events* (October 5) regrets the fact that many obituaries stressed "pacificism" as the most notable trait of Villard's career. Frank C. Hanighen points out the fact that "OGV," always a foe of concentrated wealth and power, distinguished himself in his latter years for his forthright attacks on the "totalitarian liberals" who, he was convinced, were undermining the foundations of the republic.

Freda Kirchwey, now editor of the *The Nation,* the paper which Mr. Villard once edited and whose leadership made it America's foremost liberal voice of its time, pays tribute to her predecessor in the October 8 issue. She writes:

> Applied to Oswald Garrison Villard, the word "liberal" never carried a connotation of mildness or indecision. Instead it called up the image of a crusading reformer, animated by strong convictions and fierce indignations, moving in to battle against the many varieties of social and political sin with which his time was so heavily afflicted.

Although in recent years *The Nation* has veered sharply away from many of the principles held by Mr. Villard, its present editor affirms:

> But its agreements are more fundamental and comprehensive than its differences, and in the years to come this journal will continue to express in its own way the courage and the passion for decency in human relations that comprised the journalistic faith of Oswald Garrison Villard.

A BRIEF GLANCE AT  RECENT PUBLICATIONS

A SURVEY OF BOOKS

PEMBERLEY SHADES

By D. A. Bonavia-Hunt. E. P. Dutton & Company, Inc., New York. 1949. 317 pages. $3.00.

PEMBERLEY SHADES represents a daring and ambitious undertaking. It is a frank and deliberate imitation of—and sequel to—an established and well-loved literary classic. Dorothy Alice Bonavia-Hunt tells us how she came to write this first novel. She says:

One day towards the end of the war I took up *Pride and Prejudice* and read it again after many years. How the idea came to me to attempt a sequel to this famous novel, as nearly as possible in the style of the original, I hardly know, but I am sure that at first I had no intention of writing more than a few experimental paragraphs for my own amusement. Gradually my imagination warmed to the story which took shape in my mind.

The characters created by Jane Austen in her classic tale of eighteenth-century England are reintroduced by Miss Bonavia-Hunt in *Pemberley Shades.* They are drawn with loving care and with a sensitive regard for the pattern established by Miss Austen in *Pride and Prejudice.* Unfortunately, they are only pale copies of the originals; they are lacking in substance, forcefulness, and color. Judged entirely on its own merits, *Pemberley Shades* is an entertaining, well-written novel; but it lacks the stature necessary to rank it as a proper companion piece for *Pride and Prejudice.*

THE EYE OF GOD

By Ludwig Bemelmans. The Viking Press, New York. 1949. 312 pages. $3.00.

IN CONTRAST to his more bizarre characters, Bemelmans introduces, in *The Eye of God,* some very realistic and lovable people. The protagonists in this one are Arbogast Tannegg and Herr Haberdietzl, both innkeepers in the Austrian Tyrol village of Aspen.

In a sense this is a war story, but the shooting is far away. More exactly it is the story of how the villagers react to the rise of Hitler, the

influx of German military elite who use the inns during the war as rest camps, and the return to relative peace.

Tannegg is the unofficial leader of the older men of Aspen who offer passive resistance to the Nazis. He much prefers hunting in the mountains to running an inn. The silent type, he probably says fewer words than the hero of any novel in recent history.

On the other hand, Haberdietzl talks too much. He is forced to hire a manager for his inn to avoid driving away trade because of his temper and tongue. A shrewd but unimaginative man, he perceives a certain advantage to early membership in the Nazi party. Herr Haberdietzl is one of the best comic characters Bemelmans has ever drawn. In his comic actions is just a tinge of tragedy, a feeling that he is his own worst enemy.

This is more nearly a novel than any of the author's recent books and it is filled with a variety of interesting people from the stolid villagers to the wealthy tourists who visit the village in season. *The Eye of God* ranks with Bemelmans' best.

ALFRED LOOMAN

THE TREASURE OF NAPLES

By Giuseppe Marotta. E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc., New York. 1949. Translated from the Italian by Frances Frenaye. 254 pages. $3.00.

THIS is a collection of short stories and vignettes about the back streets and the crowded, steep alleys of Naples and the people who inhabit them. Most of this material appeared originally in the author's newspaper column and some of the episodes are taken directly from his own experiences.

Writing with considerable skill and a warm understanding of his fellow Neapolitans, Marotta introduces some engaging and original characters. The "Treasure" of the title is the hereditary endurance of these people who always manage to spring back from the dangers and catastrophes that have beset Naples regularly for centuries.

This is a Naples few tourists have ever seen, but it is a city worth seeing, especially through the eyes of a sensitive observer like Marotta.

THE EGYPTIAN

By Mika Waltari. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 1949. Translated by Naomi Walford. 503 pages. $3.75.

SINUHE, a skilled surgeon and a learned man, is the Egyptian of the title. He is physician to the court of Pharaoh and to the poor of Thebes as well as to the high and low of most of the ancient world of 1400 B.C. Restless, and filled with a longing for unseen places, he travels through Babylonia, Hatti, Syria, Crete, and Senai, by turns trading medical knowledge with the local healers, spying on foreign armies, or just observing the customs of the people. Sinuhe is an interesting man to follow because he is skilled enough to be in demand by the powerful and compassionate enough to meet the humble.

This is also the story of the mystic Pharaoh, Akhnaton, who caused the overthrow of the Egyptian god, Ammon, and supplanted it with Aton. In a world that best understood hate and power, he tried to establish a religion based on love and nonviolence, a move that caused his downfall.

But *The Egyptian* is not just a sociological travelogue. It is an exciting story of life in the ancient world, filled with living characters and lively incident. It is refreshing because few novelists have chosen as a setting this early civilization in the eastern Mediterranean. It is interesting and well written history based on thorough research. And for a long novel it is unusually well organized.

The Egyptian was first published in Finland in 1945 and since that time has been translated into eight languages and had a European sale of over a million copies. This is the first appearance of Mika Waltari in English. It is a welcome one.

WORLD FULL OF STRANGERS

By David Alman. Doubleday & Company, Inc., New York. 1949. 306 pages. $3.00.

HERE is a book not recommended for those who like their stories pleasant. None of the characters portrayed (and the portrayal is very well done) is happy or even at ease with his life. The story is raw and bitter and repulsive. The reader may very likely find the easy chair in his ivory tower not quite so comfortable as he thought.

ANNA SPRINGSTEEN

JESUS

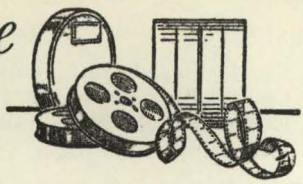
By Martin Dibelius. Translated by Charles B. Hedrick and Frederick C. Grant. The Westminster Press, Philadelphia. 160 pages. $2.50.

DR. DIBELIUS describes the New Testament account of Jesus as "the humanly conditioned deposit of an event in history." He considers that the crucial question at issue in the struggle over Christianity is whether or not God has made His will manifest in the historical Jesus.

Dr. Dibelius is an expert in the field of Form Criticism and in this book he examines the story of Jesus in the light of literary and historical critical research. Dr. Dibelius reconstructs the life and teachings of Jesus and "seeks to show the real significance of what Jesus said and what he did." In doing this, Dr. Dibelius is occupied with the question of why it was the message of Jesus that intervened so decisively in history, and not some other Oriental or Greek religious proclamation which determined the religious values of whole races.

After reconstructing the message of Jesus, the author comes to the conclusion that the question of whether or not Jesus was "right" cannot be determined finally by an historical, scientific answer, but it can be answered only by the decision of faith. With that we would agree.

LUTHER P. KOEPKE

The  *Motion Picture*

THE CRESSET *evaluates one of the world's most powerful forces*

ROBERTO ROSSELLINI has been conspicuous in the news in recent months. The famous Italian has been acclaimed as one of the most brilliant motion-picture directors of the postwar era. He has many outstanding films to his credit, notably *Open City, Paisan,* and *Germany Year Zero,* which had its American *première* in New York City on August 28. Since the showing of foreign films is usually restricted to the large cities of our land, many may not know of Mr. Rossellini's enviable reputation as a motion-picture director; but anyone who can hear or read has been exposed to the nauseating word barrage inspired by the notorious Rossellini-Bergman romance. It is not my intention to add a single word of information or speculation to this unfortunate affair. I want to tell you something about another member of the Rossellini family—Roberto's brother Renzo.

Renzo Rossellini is a composer of some importance. He has written for symphony orchestra, for the ballet, for the legitimate theater, and for the motion picture, including all the films produced under his brother's direction. Some of his scores have been performed by the New York Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra, the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra, the NBC Symphony orchestra, and the New Orleans Symphony Orchestra.

In an article which appeared in the *New York Times* recently Mr. Rossellini outlines what he calls "the film composer's credo." He says:

> Twenty years of composing for symphony, ballet and theater as well as for films have convinced me that the cinema is as great as any of the arts and deserves the collaboration of serious musicians.
>
> The musical score can be the indispensable complement to the full expression of a film. It can be the means of revealing innermost psychological characteristics; it can evoke the flavor of a place or time; it can be decorative as well as functional.

However, it must arise out of a true and artistic necessity.

Mr. Rossellini tells us that the composer of film music must be endowed with intuition and a high degree of sensitivity. He believes that the best integration between story and score is achieved when the film music interprets the theme of the film story. Although he always begins to work on a film score after the film has been cut and edited, he declares that "it does not matter how the job is done so long as in the end music and picture form a whole, a complete work of art."

The eminent Italian expresses the conviction that although the music composed for films

> is often of concert caliber, excellent enough to be played independently of the picture for which it was written, it should not be detached from the motives which gave it life. The Rome publisher, Ricordi, has asked me to authorize a concert version of the score of *Germany Year Zero*. Orchestra conductors have requested permission to play it. I have been tempted, but I cannot bring myself to permit the music to be used apart from the film in which it finds its ideal justification, for which it was conceived and written.

Mr. Rossellini concludes his excellent article with a comment on the fact that in recent years outstanding composers have been willing to create new music for motion pictures.

We have seen evidences of this trend in the American motion-picture industry. Aaron Copland composed the score for *The Red Pony*. Apparently Mr. Copland believes that his score is sufficiently strong to stand on its own feet. A concert suite adapted from the film score has appeared on the programs of both major and minor symphony orchestras.

Virgil Thomson, well-known composer, author, and critic, wrote the music for Robert Flaherty's simple and deeply moving semi-documentary film *Louisiana Story*. The Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra, under the direction of Eugene Ormandy, recorded Mr. Thomson's fine score for the soundtrack which accompanies the picture. Mr. Thomson has arranged a suite for orchestra—titled *Louisiana Story*—from his original film score. One of the ablest of our young American conductors has assured me that this concert version is actually an improvement on the film score.

No one will quarrel with the quality of the music heard in *That Midnight Kiss* (M-G-M, Joseph Pasternak). Nor will anyone be disappointed in the superb artistry of Amparo and José Iturbi or in the magnificent singing of Mario Lanza, the young tenor who is being exploited as "the new Caruso." I heard Mr. Lanza in concert last spring. He had

just finished *That Midnight Kiss,* his first picture, and he was eager to tell everyone about it in spite of the fact that the release date was still months away. It would be pleasant to be able to report that Mr. Lanza's enthusiasm over his first film is justified, but that would not be true. *That Midnight Kiss* lacks substance, originality, and life. Ethel Barrymore appears in a role so thin and fatuous that it must have set her teeth on edge. Kathryn Grayson is one of the principals in a cast of Hollywood notables. As an actress and as a singer Miss Grayson suffers in big-league competition.

The rebirth of Zion as an independent nation is one of the most dramatic highlights in postwar history. Terror, bloodshed, and violence preceded the establishment of the Israeli government. *Sword in the Desert* (Universal-International) and *The Earth Cries Out* (Lux Pictures) depict the recurring clashes between Jews and Arabs and between Jews and the British. *Sword in the Desert* leans heavily on melodrama and obvious pro-Zionist sentiment. *The Earth Cries Out,* an Italian film, lacks the smoothness and the polish of the Hollywood production; but it presents a more direct, more illuminating, and more objective view of the bitter struggle. Here there is at least an attempt to place the blame equally on Jewish terrorists, Jewish displaced persons who sought to force their way into the new homeland, and the British government, which ordered the British Tommies to keep them out. If this tragic theme is to be used at all by motion-picture producers, it should be handled with honesty, dignity, and restraint.

There should be a special booby award for *Mighty Joe Young* (RKO-Radio, Ernest B. Schoedsack). This outrageous concoction defies classification. Surely every adult would resent having it labeled adult, and, just as surely, no child should be exposed to such rubbish.

There isn't any magic—black or white—in Orson Welles' pretentious eighteenth-century historical drama *Black Magic* (United Artists, Orson Welles). Hollywood's self-styled "genius" seems to have lost the touch necessary for creative artistry. *Black Magic* never rises above Grade B melodrama.

The Secret Garden (M-G-M) presents a sob-and-sniffle version of Frances Hodgson Burnett's novel of the same title. I would not inflict this sickening, tear-drenched buncombe on anyone.

Ingrid Bergman's fame as an actress of outstanding ability has declined sharply in the past year. *Under Capricorn* (Transatlantic Pictures; Warners, Alfred Hitch-

cock) will not check the decline. This is a sordid and hysterical yarn in which a weak and wicked Ingrid emotes and emotes and emotes. Decidedly dull, it gets nowhere at all throughout its technicolored length.

Slattery's Hurricane (20th Century-Fox) salutes the United States Navy airmen who regularly fly the weather patrols off the coast of Florida. Unfortunately, the action is made to fit into a hackneyed regeneration-through-love theme. Slattery's hurricane should have swept this banal effulgence right out to sea—and left it there.

Incidentally, the sea would be a good place for *Blue Lagoon* (Universal-International, J. Arthur Rank), a dreary British import.

Lower the boom on *Wild Weed* (Eureka Pictures), too. The producers of this penny-dreadful play are openly and shamelessly interested only in cashing in on a sordid story of drug addiction which came out of Hollywood last year. Many first-run theaters will not book *Wild Weed.* This means that it will be shown in neighborhood theaters, and we know that children flock to the neighborhood theaters. Too bad!

Two British films have received enthusiastic applause in recent weeks. *Dolwyn* (London Films) is noteworthy largely because of the superb artistry of Dame Edith Evans. *Saints and Sinners* (Alexander Korda) has a fine cast recruited for the most part from the Dublin Abbey Theatre. Everything about this film has a delightful Irish flavor as well as the charm and the wit customarily ascribed to the Irish.

The Girl in the Painting, another English film released through Universal-International, and *Once More, My Darling* (Universal-International) are moderately entertaining postwar cloak-and-dagger yarns.

Here we have three typical horse operas: *The Girl Who Took the West* and *Calamity Jane and Sam Bass,* released by Universal-International, and *The Fighting Kentuckian,* starring John Wayne, from the Republic Studios.

Verse

The Living Breath

What is this thing that we call Life?
And what is Death?
What mystery lies within those simple words,
"The living breath"?
"God breathed," so Scripture says,
"Into man's nostrils, the breath of life,
And man became a living soul."
Seek yet the greatest, wisest man
The world has ever known,
And bid him make a man of clay
And give it flesh and bone.
How glibly do they analyze, the chemistry of man;
They even add, as they would claim, years
to our life's short span.
Whence comes their wisdom, whence their skill?
Can they not see the need
Of the Creator of it all, Who made the first
small seed,
Who gives to all—at His command—
The Living Breath
And when He calls it back to Him
We call it Death.

ESTHER A. SCHUMANN

Prayer

A pause, only a moment,
An eye upraised to heaven,
One pulsebeat of a grateful heart—
My prayer.

Courage to walk in Thy paths,
Strength my daily tasks to do,
Peace beyond all earthly measure—
Thy answer.

PHYLLIS LINDBERG

The William Lyon Phelps Estate: Huron City, 1949

In a diary these are secure:
the antique pieces which we fingered gingerly, almost with fear,
heads raising to those family portraits he despised,
yet treasured cautiously, as he owned all his living cautiously.
Even the greens we played betrayed embarrassed love, even the Lake
toward which we drove, even the bitter wind bending the weeds.

It is in retrospect we grow, our memories stained
with other visions than the old estate. We think:
Here lived one whose failure was love.
He prayed, God gave him everything; and in his study rooms
he tried to fight the blessings, precisely noting golf scores,
wind velocity and temperature, which in their cheapness could
be antidote (he thought) for all his secret loves.

A truth he strived to learn, that Victory comes
without our struggling. By fighting love we lose that which we own.
He built a chapel for his summers, there
he spoke to fishermen, and tried to thread
his own way through his worship, tried to state
how much he earned, how much he had been given.
God gave him all he asked. He did not understand.

Now with their preacher gone, his people mourn
the house bereft, the garden overgrown. And yet their hearts
feel graciously: *What he possessed is nothing, nothing much.*
What he said Sundays we will try to keep.
God gives and takes. We do not understand.

And we who share his message fear to judge
whether our blessings rival what we preach, whether our days
shall end in deficit. Consider now with me:
Our weakness lies in this one word: again.
We pray, we fail again. We fail, we pray again.
No end to fire, no end to grace, no end to fire.
We fear the Circle's doom, we cry:
Let us pass on in praying, never in our wrath.

We have been given all. We do not understand.

WALTER RIESS

The Editor's Lamp

PROBLEMS

CONTRIBUTORS

FINAL NOTES

As we were putting the last finishing touches on the copy for this issue last night, it occurred to us with something like pained surprise that we were finishing up the last edition in a set of Cressets that research men of the future will label as a part of the literature of the nineteen-forties.

We realize, of course, that time is a man-made thing and that there are no real boundaries setting off this moment, this day, or this month from the moments, days, and months to come. Nevertheless, there is something rather solemn in this movement from one period of time to another. The nineteen-forties were an unhappy decade, and yet they were not altogether unhappy. We knew them as one knows a harsh teacher—not with love, but with a kind of grudging respect. They were tough, and they brought out the toughness in us. For that, if for nothing else, we thank them.

And now the unknown, untried nineteen-fifties. For ourselves, we ask the wisdom and the courage to speak when we ought to speak, as effectively as possible. For our readers, we ask a decade of faith, of hope, and of love—the three great virtues which were so conspicuously lacking in the decade just closed.

The Christmas Garland, although written by comparatively few of our associates and contributors, speaks for the whole staff. Many of our readers we know personally; at least some of us do. Many other readers we know only as names on our list of subscribers. We do know this about all of them, though: that there is a closer bond between us and them than the merely commercial bond of seller and buyer. There is a unity of spirit which we feel all the year around and for which we are most grateful.

To all of our readers, then, we wish all of the happiness of this happiest of all seasons. And the peace which man can neither give nor take away—the peace of the soul hidden in Him who is the Prince of Peace.